

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1867, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 648—Vol. XXV.]

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 29, 1868.

[PRICE 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY.  
13 WEEKS \$1 00.]

## Important Decision of the Supreme Court.

PROBABLY the most important event of the week, and that of most significance, following as it does close on the Grant-Johnson correspondence, is the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, in the case of Georgia *versus* E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War, and others. While the correspondence to which we have referred demonstrates that General Grant regards the acts of Congress, whether in the matter of Reconstruction or otherwise, as binding on all the officers of Government, and not to be disputed or set aside, the decision of the Supreme Court equally demonstrates that the acts of Congress growing out of the rebellion, directed to its suppression and the subsequent reorganization of the country, are acts political beyond the jurisdiction of the Court. This is a most important decision, and one entirely consonant with the theory and spirit of republican institutions. The case presented to the Court was this: Can the Judicial power interfere against the Executive and Legislative powers in a question not judicial but political, and arising out of political exigencies? The decision was, "Want of jurisdiction." And rightly; because otherwise the will of the Nation, as well as its Legislative and Executive representatives, would be wholly within the power of a body of men appointed for life—a modern "Council of Ten," who could annul all law and paralyze all action.

The province of the Supreme Court is to

decide "cases in law and equity" which may arise under the Constitution and laws of the United States. This does not involve the right to sit in judgment on the constitutionality of laws of Congress, as an abstract question, and to affirm or annul them at its discretion. It can only take cognizance of that question as it may arise in some specific cases, involving rights of person or of property, and which shall come properly before the Court. The Georgia and Mississippi cases presented no such claims. They were simply applications from those States, asking the Court to pronounce certain laws unconstitutional, and to restrain the Government of the United States from carrying them into



REV. STEPHEN H. TINS, JR.

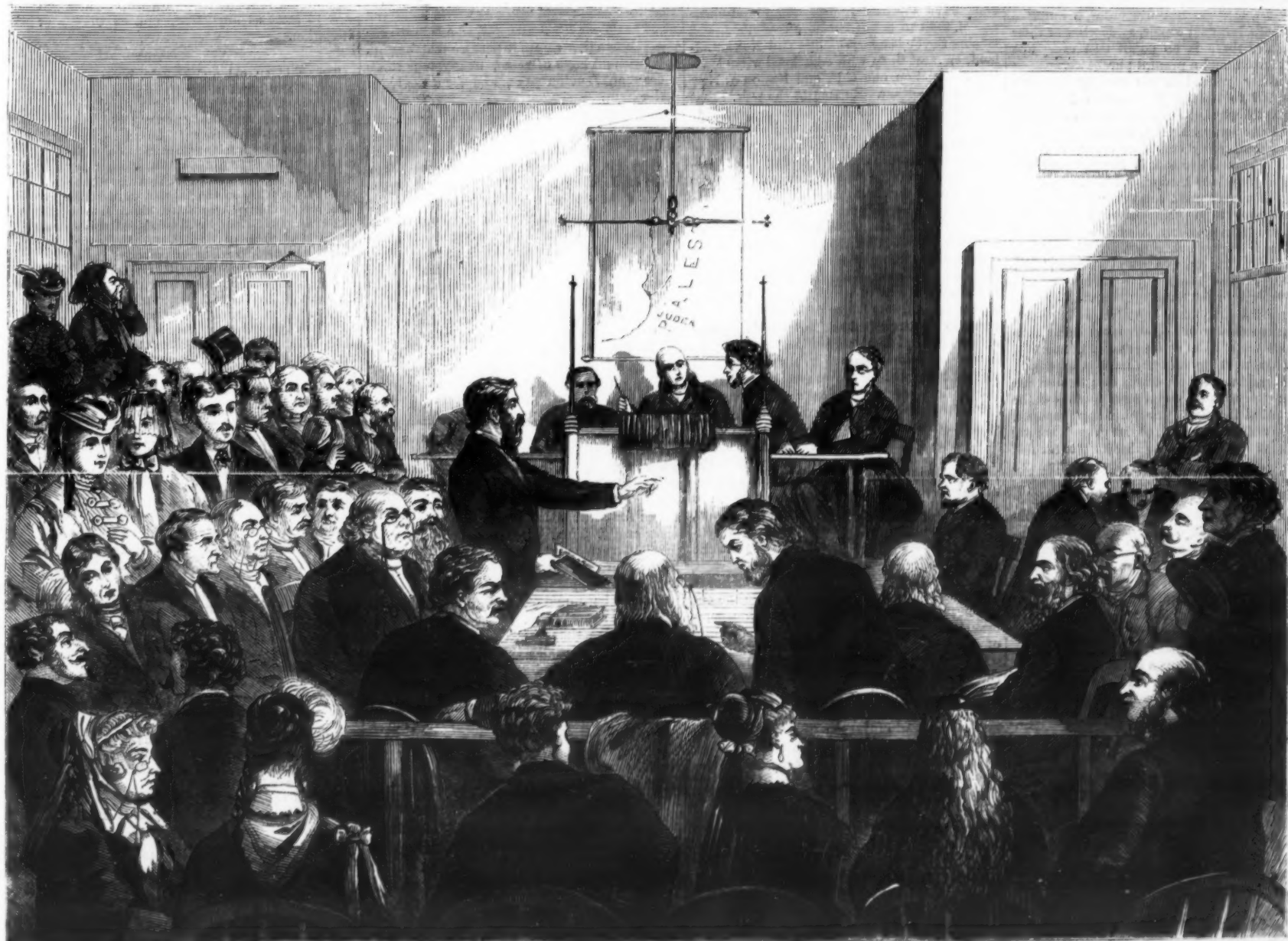
execution. The Court holds that it has no right thus to sit in judgment on the acts of the political department of the Government.

This decision involves, substantially, the whole question of "Reconstruction," and affirms indirectly the constitutionality of all the so-called Reconstruction Acts of Congress. Congress has the right and power to admit States, determine their status, and decide whether they have a "republican form of government," and these are matters which the Supreme Court *unanimously* confesses itself unable to review.

We have thus the highest judicial tribunal of the land and the General-in-Chief of its armies

in thorough accord with the legislative authority of the nation on this important question.

This fact must go far to neutralize any satisfaction which the rebels and their sympathizers may experience, and any exultation they may have been disposed to indulge in, over the defeat of the new Alabama Constitution, because it did not receive a majority of all the registered votes of the State, although receiving nineteen-twentieths of all the votes cast. It will show to these persistent disorganizers of the country that the continuance of military rule among them is a matter of their own election, and that if they refuse to "accept the situation" resulting from their own deliberate acts and factious conduct, they have nothing to expect from the Judiciary, the Legislature, or the real head of the armies of the land. The Supreme Court disclaims any power in the premises; Congress asserts absolute power, and the head of the army, and probable future President, will enforce the acts of Congress. As for the actual President, he has no alternative in the matter at all. His duties are simply Executive. He has no discretion in the case. The law, passed by his consent, or constitutionally over his head, is as binding on him as on the meanest citizen. His individual opinion is of no kind of consequence. If he attempts to interpose it against the law, or in the way of embarrassing its execution, he exposes himself to impeachment and removal.



TRIAL OF THE REV. STEPHEN H. TINS, JR., AT THE CHAPEL OF ST. PETER'S CHURCH, WEST TWENTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 371.



# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 29, 1868.

NOTICE.—We have no travelling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

## NOTICE.

Our entire issue of one hundred thousand copies of "THE FISHERMAN'S PRIDE" having been exhausted on the day of publication, it is impossible for us to furnish additional copies of the picture without sending to England; but this restriction does not apply to the newspaper itself, containing the opening chapters of "THE CHILD WIFE; A TALE OF THE TWO WORLDS;" by Captain Mayne Reid. We are prepared to issue additional copies of that number, at the usual price of ten cents, to accommodate those who were disappointed in consequence of the rapid and extraordinary sale of the first edition.

## Notice.

The public will be gratified to learn, as we are to announce, that the Hon. N. P. BANKS will contribute to the columns of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER a Series of Original Articles written expressly for this paper. In enrolling this distinguished statesman and soldier among our contributors, we are convinced that the American people will appreciate his efforts in literature as they have his brilliant services in the field and in legislative halls.

## Our Last Number.

### Its Attractive Features—Its Extraordinary Success.

With pride and pleasure we acknowledge the public appreciation of our efforts to cultivate, in this country, a popular taste for art. The extraordinary sale of the last number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER affords abundant evidence that the American people will liberally patronize whatever is truly worthy their attention in the artistic and literary spheres. The beautiful picture of "THE FISHERMAN'S PRIDE" that we published as a supplement to that number has been the subject of general admiration, and so eager is the desire in all parts of the country to obtain a copy of this magnificent production, that the entire issue of one hundred thousand was disposed of on the day of publication, leaving us unable to supply the additional demand. This picture was executed in England expressly for FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER by the inventor of the chromographic process, one of the most skillful artists in Europe, and we regret that we did not order a hundred thousand additional copies, as, in view of their rapid sale, there is no doubt that every one would have found a prompt purchaser.

No other journal in this country has ever attempted to imitate the *London Illustrated News* in the publication of prints in oil colors. We have not only imitated, we have surpassed; and we confidently challenge comparison between "THE FISHERMAN'S PRIDE" and the finest works of the kind issued in Europe.

But, if the demand for the "FISHERMAN'S PRIDE" has been great even beyond our expectations, no less has been the popular excitement in regard to the novel of the "CHILD WIFE; A TALE OF THE TWO WORLDS;" by Captain Mayne Reid. The interest of this story is established even in the opening chapters, published in our last number, and already, within the area of our observation, it has been pronounced a literary success. Fortunately, we are not restricted in our means of supplying the demand for the opening chapters of this novel; the number containing them can be procured at the usual price of the newspaper, always understood that, to our regret, we are unable, without sending to England, to furnish any additional copies of "THE FISHERMAN'S PRIDE."

The public will admit our claim to their applause and encouragement for having introduced, at great cost, but with commensurate reward, these remarkable features in our popular journal. It will now be understood that we make no promises that we have not the intention and ability to fulfill; and as we have many and extraordinary attractions in reserve, the success of our last venture and the legitimate enterprise by which we have earned that success, are a sufficient guarantee of popular confidence in our pledges, and of popular satisfaction with our performance.

## New Ocean Cables.

EVERYBODY must be glad to see that the pecuniary success of the Atlantic Cables is stimulating similar enterprises having different points of departure and arrival on both sides of the Atlantic from those already laid. Leaving aside, for the moment, the splendid financial results which attend the working of the cables now in operation, there are other considerations which ought to commend rival lines to our people, more especially when these tend to make us independent of lines exclu-

sively under British control. Without one iota of jealousy of the success which has attended the enterprise of the British capitalists, there are many important reasons why we should wish to have a channel of communication with Europe entirely beyond their control. Although to one of our own countrymen is due the honor of having projected the enterprise, and of having, under disheartening reverses, kept alive the courage of those who, but for him, would have abandoned it, to Great Britain must be given the glory of having carried out this, the greatest work of the age. And it need not detract from this praise, to say that her success was owing to being in the possession of mechanical appliances for the work, in which we were wanting, and, under no circumstances, could have supplied.

There is, happily, no prospect of any dispute arising between our Government and any European Power, but it is easy to see the immense inconvenience that might arise, if these peaceful relations were threatened, by our being obliged to transmit all our Continental telegraphic communications through London. Even if war should occur between European Powers, a contingency by no means improbable, it would be most desirable to have two or more independent lines of access to our Ministers and Agents abroad. The exact status of the telegraph messages of neutrals, during a time of war, has yet to be determined, but it is a matter of ordinary foresight to be prepared for interruptions in one quarter by opening other and independent channels of communication.

As regards mercantile messages, there can be no doubt that actively competing lines would be of great benefit. We are happy to see that the tariff of the existing Cable Company has been reduced to one-half of the rates first established, and that many complaints of delays in transmission, and other irregularities which were no doubt incident to the first steps of a new enterprise, have been remedied. But we know no reason why a further reduction should not be made, and look to the competition of new lines as the best mode of effecting it.

A French pamphlet we have received, written by Mons. Eug. Delessert, shows that the time is not far distant when an ocean cable will be laid from Brest to New York. In fact, as we are informed, the project would have been already realized but for an unaccountable coolness toward the enterprise which came over the mind of the Emperor, who had been at first its warm partisan. The projector was referred to a minister, by him to departments, and suffered the usual fate of those who attend the ante-chambers of the bureaux. Mons. Delessert's original project was to purchase one of the two ocean cables already laid, and cutting the ends near Valentia and Newfoundland, connect them with additional wires leading to Brest on one side, and Boston or New York on the other. He assures the public that his arrangements had been made in England, in spite of much opposition, and would have been carried out but for the sudden apathy of the French Government. His design of purchasing one of the two cables now laid was based on the fact that one cable can now transmit in four hours all the messages received in twenty-four by the wires leading from Newfoundland to the United States, because of the superior insulation of the former, and therefore two cables were not needed by the present company. We have not been able to verify this statement, but taking it as correct, see no cause to regret that Mons. Delessert's original scheme has not been carried out, and that he is thrown back on the one he is now prosecuting, of laying a direct cable from Brest to this port. Last year an accident arising from the grounding of an iceberg rendered useless one of the two cables now working, and the value of a double cable was clearly demonstrated. Our readers are of course acquainted with the history of this second cable, and the extraordinary means to which it owes its existence as a working line. It is too much to suppose that any other company can possess a duplicate line under similar circumstances, but the benefit of having it is incontestable.

We are led to entertain very strong hopes that the coming summer may see us in the enjoyment of a double line of telegraphic communication with Europe, worked independently of each other. The financial success of that now in operation affords a basis for calculating the profits that await the success of another line, and if it be true, as one writer asserts, that the increase of traffic in telegrams is in a geometrical ratio inversely to the reduction of the rates, we may expect to see the charges for cables messages but little exceeding those of the old rates of postage.

Let us remember that the whole system of telegraphic communication—both inland and submarine—is only yet in its infancy, and the next step in its progress must be to place its advantages within the reach of every family in the land, both as regards certainty of transmission and regularity of delivery, at a cost not greatly exceeding that of letters by the post-office.

## Gaslight.

THE essential qualities of an artificial light are, that it be white, steady, and bright. These are the qualities of the sunlight to which our organs of vision are adapted by nature, and when we create a substitute with different characteristics, we injure these organs to the extent to which we use it. Oculists tell us that the yellow rays of light are those most injurious to our eyesight. But when to this yellowness are added a flickering in the light, and a dimness which demands a constant straining of the eyes to read or write by it, we combine conditions the most unfavorable possible to the preservation of our eyesight.

The quality of the light furnished by the companies who have the monopoly of supplying this city with gas is the lowest and worst that can be imagined. It combines every element we have alluded to as constituting a radically defective light. It is yellow, it flickers, and it is dim. We really believe that this is the worst lighted city in the world, and everybody whose avocations oblige them to work at night by gaslight can give evidence, by the premature decay of their eyesight, of the wretched quality of the light furnished by these companies.

Then, let us look at the expense of it. There lies before us a report of a meeting of some citizens of London, who are complaining of their gas companies, but when we compare the nature of their grievances with those we endure, without a murmur or show of resistance, it must be owned that they are living in comparative splendor, and in a very paradise of cheapness. The meeting was held "for the purpose of petitioning Parliament in favor of the bill promoted by the corporation of London to supply 18-candle gas at 3 shillings per 1,000 feet, instead of the wretched 12-candle gas now charged 4 shillings per 1,000 feet."

This measure of the intensity of gaslight—by its candle-power—is one we are not familiar with here. To judge accurately of the candle-power of that furnished by our companies, is, therefore, not easy, but comparing it with that we have seen in London, and called there "wretched," we should think it about 8-candle-power—tallow at that. London complains of being charged 4 shillings, or \$1.36 per 1,000 feet. Our gas bill from the Manhattan Company is 25 cents per 100 cubic feet, or \$2.50 per 1,000 feet, that is, nearly double what Londoners pay, and about which they are making such an outcry. At the meeting we allude to, statements were made showing that gas could be profitably made for \$1.02 per 1,000 feet, and it was confidently predicted that very soon the Metropolis would be served at 68 cents per 1,000 feet for 18-candle-power gas. When this comes to pass we shall be paying, without hope of relief, nearly four times more than London pays, and for a vastly inferior light.

It may be granted that gas-coal now costs more here than in London; but the question is, is there any such difference as to authorize such exorbitant charges as we are paying? The price in London is \$5.27 per ton. This produces 9,200 feet of gas, besides a caldron of coke, 10 gallons of tar, and 10 gallons of ammonia. Who can tell us what coal costs our companies, or what they produce from a ton, or what becomes of the enormous profits they are making out of a patient and much-enduring public? The present system in London, cheap as it is, compared with ours, was denounced as "base, rotten, and unsustainable." What terms, then, can describe ours?

The people of this city are as much entitled to cheap light as to cheap water or efficient police. In fact, and this is another consideration, no police can be efficient without good gaslight. The present gas companies are perfectly heedless of every remonstrance. They seem ignorant of the fact that they are only trustees of great public interests, and they are intent only on securing enormous dividends for their shareholders. There is but one remedy, found by practice very effectual in similar cases of public inefficiency: the lighting of this city must be made over to a commission appointed from Albany, as the police has been, and gas must be furnished to the public at cost price.

It is high time that the people aroused themselves to consider the enormous sums of which they are plundered by the gas monopolies. There is no household that is not interested in the matter. Let public meetings be held, and move the Legislature to appoint a committee to inquire into the matter. No corporations can be allowed for an indefinite period of time to sell us the worst light at the highest price, and we shall never be rid of the nuisance till the present establishments are purchased at a fair valuation, and then worked under a commission.

## Female Education.

THE famous establishment of the Sorbonne in Paris is now being further utilized. Courses of instruction for women have been organized,

and are, according to the Paris papers, a great success. Nearly three hundred ladies attend the lectures, among whom there are many members of high families, including two nieces of the Empress. Besides girls who go to complete their education, are many females who are being educated for governesses. Much opposition, it is stated, was raised in many quarters to the admission of the fair sex into this time-honored scholastic institution, but it has been successfully overcome. The lectures at the Sorbonne are illustrated, when necessary, by physical apparatus of a costly nature and very magnificent description.

The same mail that brings us the above informs us, also, that a young Russian lady, aged twenty-four, has just been invested with the degree of Doctor of Medicine by the University of Zurich. The speech made on that occasion by Professor Edmund Rose, son of the celebrated mineralogist, ought to be translated by the advocates of women's rights, and would show that it is not America alone which has admitted women to the ranks of the medical profession. Fifty years ago, according to this speech, a woman took the degree of M.D. at Giessen. We may add that all German towns have the institution of midwives examined by the State and duly qualified, though not allowed to usurp any of the distinctive privileges of the doctor. Professor Rose compares the slavery of sex to the slavery of color, and hopes that the one will not long survive the other.

## The Meaning of Temperance.

THERE is a point beyond which temperance, like patience, ceases to be a virtue. This point would seem to have been reached by Mr. Neal Dow, when in a recent temperance lecture, so called, he is reported as having been "particularly severe upon those members of the medical profession who prescribe alcoholic stimulants in illness."

It is evident that Mr. Dow, like many of his fellow-propagandists, is ignorant of the true meaning of the word temperance, supposing it to apply solely to the use or abuse of alcohol. His remarks upon the medical profession with regard to their scientific employment of remedial agents were certainly as intemperate as the special evil he seeks to cure, besides being an evidence of an ignorance and prejudice which should prove that he is a very unfit apostle of reform in any cause requiring moderation in practice or sentiment.

Such persons had better begin by giving in themselves an example of temperance, not only in the use of ardent spirits, but also in that of language and general conduct, which are at least as important, and as worthy of imitation.

THERE is an old and homely, but significant adage, "The proof of the pudding is in the eating thereof." Now, whatever may be said of our Excise Laws, and the "outrage on popular rights" involved in our "Sunday liquor law," they have worked well and beneficially. Since the passage of the "license law" the number of "gin mills" in New York and Brooklyn have been reduced from 9,270 on the 1st day of May, 1866, to 6,845 on the 1st of December, 1867. During the same period \$2,600,451 had been raised for licenses, against nothing previously. And during the thirteen months in which the proceedings of the Board of Excise were not interrupted by the local "one horse" courts, the total number of arrests on Sundays by the police for offenses resulting manifestly from drunkenness was 2,514; while on the Tuesdays of those same months it was no less than 6,021, or more than double the aggregate of arrests in the corresponding Sundays. We need add nothing to these facts. They tell their own story. It cannot be a bad tree that produces such good fruit.

THE Fenian attempt to blow up the Clerkenwell Prison in England has resulted as follows: Individuals killed, 7; badly wounded, 41; heads of families rendered homeless at mid-winter, 56; altogether 600 families suffering in health, person, and property from the violence of the shock. To relieve this great mass of poverty and sorrow something like \$40,000 had been subscribed by the English public.

We do not believe there is any good foundation for the insinuations made by the *Tribune* that General McClellan is waiting in Paris for transportation and reinforcements before starting for Havre, on his way home. We think it more probable, as the *Post* suggests, that he has been unable to decide, up to this time, by which line of steamers it would be best for him to return.

THE Children's Aid Society of this city has done a good work in removing poor children from the temptations of New York, by furnishing them with homes in the West. In 1866 no less than 1,664 were thus reclaimed, and the total number who have been removed in fourteen years is 12,966.

It is the general belief that modern improvements in firearms have greatly increased the dangers of battle. Perhaps it is impossible to obtain any trustworthy statistics that will decisively settle the question, since the time occupied in battle, the nearness of the armies to each other, the disposition of commanders, and other disturbing



elements must be taken into account. Still there is some room for doubt whether the increased efficiency of firearms has not prevented the near approach of armies to each other and rendered soldiers less careful in taking deadly aim. It is at all events proved that the percentage of soldiers killed in battle is very much less in modern European battles than in those of the first Napoleon. At Austerlitz, Napoleon lost fourteen per cent., the Russians thirty, the Austrians forty-four per cent. of those engaged; at the Borodino the French lost thirty-seven in every hundred, and the Russian army forty-four; at Waterloo the French thirty-five, the allies thirty-one. In later battles the French lost seven in a hundred at Magenta, the Austrians eight. At Solferino the French and Sardinians lost ten and the Austrians eight. The statistics of our armies are hardly of value in this connection, since our battles were fought in a very different manner, owing to the larger territory covered by the armies and the practice of continuing engagements through two or more days. There is no doubt that the average mortality of an army in time of war is less now than it was formerly. The improved sanitary arrangements are a great protection against the soldier's great enemy—disease.

A MARKED evidence of the growth of a taste for art in this country is the publication in Chicago of a journal devoted exclusively to the interest of art. This paper, which is called the *Art Journal*, is quarto in form, is nicely made up, is printed in excellent type, and gives a complete review of art news in America and in the Old World.

CONGRESS has given to the different Pacific Railroad companies one hundred and twenty-four million acres of land. It has given to railroads and wagon-roads altogether nearly one hundred and ninety-four million acres of land. According to the report of the Commissioner of the Land Office, these grants cover an area greater than the six New England States, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia.

FROM the report of the Department of the Interior we learn that upward of 7,000,000 acres of land were disposed of the last year. The number of acres belonging to the Government is 1,465,468,800, in addition to which is Alaska with 369,529,600 acres of icebergs. New York has eighty-five savings banks, of which the city of New York contains twenty-five and Brooklyn ten. In these eighty-five savings banks there are deposited one hundred and forty-one million dollars by five hundred thousand individuals.

MR. UNDERWOOD, a member of the Virginia Constitutional Convention, in a recent speech before that body, stated that there were 100,000 colored men in the South with white blood in their veins, the sons of the proudest and highest in the land—men so nearly white that the negro blood could hardly be detected. He reminded the F. F. B's. that when the early settlers of Virginia wanted wives, girls were imported from London and bought by weight, not for gold, but for so many pounds of tobacco; a hundred and twenty pounds being the common price—although a very pretty damsel sometimes brought a hundred and fifty.

THE foreign correspondents are full of speculations on the probability of speedy war in Europe, although they do not give any very satisfactory reasons for their conviction that it is imminent. They seem to think that the reorganization and increase of the French army has a distinct object, and that is war—for the purpose of restoring, through military achievements, the unquestionably waning influence of the French Emperor, whose blunders in Mexico and elsewhere have put his dynasty in peril. Palpably something must be done to restore the wounded *amour propre* of the French people, and war seems to offer the most available if not only means of doing it. In this sense it is interesting to inquire what is the real military strength of the probable and possible combatants? In the first place the North Germans have 421,528 active soldiers, 298,113 reserves, and 95,000 reserves of the second ban. Austria has under her new organization 540,000 men, of whom 240,000 are Hungarians, and no effective reserves. Russia has, possibly, 800,000 men, but service being for twenty-two years—that is, it is said, perpetual—she has no reserves of drilled men at all. Italy has 396,000 effectives and 173,250 reserves. The present French army, therefore, which comprises 400,000 effectives and 200,030 reserves, is almost as strong as any other; and the new army, which will comprise 400,000 effectives, 400,000 reserves, and 400,000 militia fit for garrison duty, will be the strongest of all. It will be noted besides that in Prussia the whole population, and in France five-eighths of all able-bodied men have passed through the military mill. It may be worth remembering that the highest number of able-bodied soldiers between twenty and forty which any State can possibly yield is ten per cent. on its total census. No such number has, we believe, ever been yielded, the very largest, the final levy of the French Convention, being barely five per cent.

JUDGE PROVINCE, of the San Francisco Police Court, recently imposed a fine of \$300 upon Policeman Lynes of that city, for the too liberal use of the locust on the person of a citizen. It would be well if the city of New York were within the jurisdiction of Judge Province.

The *Journal des Democrites* says, that the latest fashions have decidedly abandoned Prussia. If this has a political significance, it is possible that the fair ladies who turn their backs upon the doctrines of woman's rights are playing a deeper diplomatic game than we, or they, perhaps, are aware of. The Bismarck style has given place to the Metier, with green. At Madame

R—'s party the Empire dresses, with long trains of white, blue, cherry, and variegated colors, were the order of the evening, and flower-gardens were quite astonished with finding themselves at the top of human heads. By young ladies the *Patti* palette is much worn. It is short behind, double-breasted in front, and richly ornamented with heavy lace-work and straps which cross each other on the back. Belts play a very important part this winter; they may be seen of every style. Thus, there are not only belts suspended by rings, but they are held up by a bugle, a horse-shoe, a golden arrow, a dagger, a lyre, or other trinkets. To the Perrett belt a chain of jet is fastened, through which passes the train of the skirt which is thus held up. Bonnets, although small, are richly ornamented; for instance, a diadem-hat of sky-blue velvet, with lappets of real lace, falling back to answer as a cover for the comb, has rosettes at its top composed of ostrich feathers and jet. Another hat, which I have seen, is made of black velvet; round the edge, in shape of a diadem, are two black, frizzled feathers, larger on the right side, and held together by a white rose; below them are small, black-lace ornaments, while a square barbe of blonde with acorns, covers the chignon behind, and in the centre are three small folds kept together by a white rose. The same square tulle is knotted under the chin, and two white satin ribbons about five centimeters in width are also knotted under the chin. The variety of velvet dresses worn this winter is surprising, and it would be difficult to give a description of even the most prominent styles without filling pages. One of the most elegant dresses of that kind which I have noticed is one of dark blue velvet with square lappets. The two lappets on each side of the front centre make 25 centimeters of a skirt, made of very light-blue satin, visible. The lappets on each hip leave 15 centimeters of the skirt visible. The two lappets, after having once passed the hips, expose only ten centimeters of the lower-skirt, and the skirt itself ends in a very long train. Every lappet is bordered by a fold of satin corresponding in color with the skirt, and ends below in a chenille fringe of blue velvet. A small head-dress of blue satin, of the same shade as the lower-skirt, and bordered with white swansdown, completes this tasteful toilet. Another velvet-dress, violet color, answers for every complexion; the borders are cut in points, and ornamented with a ribbon of the same color, and three centimeters in width; the lower-skirt is of uncolored violet plush, provided the upper-skirt is made short, so as to render a lower-skirt necessary. A cascade of plush, corresponding in color with the lower-skirt, or of the same kind of velvet, likewise cut out in points and with the same fold, is a graceful supplement to the entire costume. For party dresses, open corsage in front, with or without facings, and white plain or ruffled chemisettes, are quite fashionable. A young lady appeared to advantage in a white toulard dress-trimmed with three small boucles, bordered with a row of pink satin. The corsage of white silk was made in the Swiss style, ornamented above and all through with folds of pink satin; her belt was very wide and of white tulle edged with pink satin. For a girl of 12 years, finally, I must mention a very becoming costume. This dress is of pearl-gray poplin and ornamented with folds of black velvet, interwoven with a ribbon of pink satin.

As our Government is now in a fair way of establishing pleasant and valuable commercial and political relations with Japan, it may be interesting to know something about the official phraseology of that curious people. The following is the first consular commission issued by the Japanese Government. Mr. Howard himself could not have penned a more dignified and creditable document:

CHARLES WOLCOTT BROOKS—We have the honor of stating to you, that on the recommendation of His Excellency R. B. Van Valkenburgh, Minister Resident of the United States in Japan, that you being righteous and distinguished among men for ability, you are proper to appoint as Japanese Consul. Our Government, with this understanding, has elected you, and now appoints you as Japanese Consul at San Francisco. Accordingly, documents, accrediting you, shall be delivered you from the Japanese Minister for Foreign Affairs, Ogasawara Iki, No Kami, to His Excellency R. B. Van Valkenburgh; and we hope that on forwarding the above matter to your Government, through His Excellency R. B. Van Valkenburgh, you will be properly noticed.

Our Minister having read your previous communication on this subject, we are now very happy to appoint you first on this matter. The Government was informed that for many years you have taken kind care of Japanese, for which our Minister for Foreign Affairs feels very grateful to you; and we also present our thanks before you.

We trust that you will ever be true to the interests of Japan at all times, and His Excellency, the Minister Resident, will communicate to you our wishes in this case.

May you enjoy good health. We present our sincerest regards to you.

Keio, 3d year, 28th day, 9th month.  
EZUKE KAGA, No Kami.  
ICHINO ICHIKWZEN, No Kami.  
HAWAKATA OMI, No Kami.  
IKHAWAKA KAWACHI, No Kami.  
KIHOUTCHI JONS, No Kami.  
HAKAYE ISOSIMA, No Kami.  
KASI SEIZABROO.

The ladies in New Hampshire have been on the qui vive ever since the advent of the last year, in anticipation of a friendly tournament to decide which of two rival cities could muster the largest number of beautiful females. Though the affair was made the subject of general and exciting conversation, many of the fair daughters began to fear an indefinite postponement of a scheme that promised to be the raciest of the season. But after the recent storm had covered the ground with snow of a goodly quality and depth many a gentle breast was convulsed with palpitations, councils were held, favorite projects presented and examined, until it was unanimously resolved that the pretty ladies of both cities should assemble en masse with their gentlemen friends, hire a sufficient number of sleighs, and a band of music, and turn out in a grand sleighing carnival on the first pleasant evening. Competent judges were nominated, and it was agreed that the city producing the prettiest, and largest number of ladies, should be duly recognized as the most fashionable and the centre of feminine loveliness. It was afterward resolved that the excursions should be made on separate evenings, that the brilliancy of each might not be lost in a confusion of shawls, comforters, overcoats, and other accessories of the sport. Accordingly, on the first favorable evening on which the moon was near the full, a long procession filed through narrow streets, and out to the broad avenues of country travel. On this occasion there were sixty-seven couples on the march, filling nineteen one-seat sleighs and twelve box sledges containing eight persons each. Such an array was never seen before in that locality, and while many of the staid ones questioned the propriety of the contest, the ladies of the opposing city took courage and redoubled their efforts for the victory. Several days thereafter it was announced that a return excursion would take place, and the utmost excitement ensued.

But when the ladies made their appearance, it was found that they had mustered 197 couples, besides the band, and had brought into requisition 97 sleighs, and 25 huge sledges. It was generally conceded, also, that their party contained the fairest ladies, and positively the largest number. They know how to get up sleighing parties in that section surely.

#### THINGS OPERATIC AND DRAMATIC.

THIS week, the battle between the two *impressarii* in opera has seriously begun. Max Strakosch, who has been thronging Pike's Opera House has quitted it. From what cause it would be impossible to say, so curious are the causes that sometimes influence the actions of musical managers. He now hoists his flag over the walls of the Academy of Music. Bearing with him his admirable company—Anna De La Grange, Adelaide Phillips, Signor Brignoli, Signor Orlandini, and all the other Signorine and Signori in his following—he opened as he did at the Twenty-third Street House with "Il Trovatore." It would be needless to say that the Academy was crowded with beauty and fashion to see it. But on the following night Madame De Lagrange was compelled, by a severe cold, to disavow the public. Consequently, "La Traviata" was deferred. We regret the cause of this postponement most sincerely; for, as long as we have been critically acquainted with this admirable *soprano*, this is the first time that we have known her unable to answer the demand of an advertised announcement.

In the meantime, the other Max or Grover—one or both—have opened or will open the other House, for at the time we write, we have not the satisfaction of knowing that they have done so, under the banner of Pike.

Gazzaniga, Ronconi, Habelmann, Bellini, Testa and Hermann are among the "stars" whom they propose to offer us.

Consequently, the season, which at the commencement of it promised to be doubly remunerative for opera, must have been decidedly improved by the appearance of Strakosch in the lists, or why should Maretzek and Grover wish to break a lance with him? Glory may be a very fine thing in the abstract, but we have never known an operatic manager value it beyond the hard dollar. If the first-named had not coined cash in his season with Pike, we should certainly not have seen the last-named trying conclusions with him.

After all, it may be questioned whether Pike's Operatic Palace is not responsible for the sudden jet of success, which seems at the present moment to attend things operatic.

If so, he would be entitled to the crown which the two Max's are struggling for, and certainly deserves from the stockholders of the other establishment a vote of thanks for having reopened their house for opera. The probability of such a token of their thankfulness will be a curious one, and might determine the fact—ordinarily open to grave doubt—whether any body of individuals possesses the qualities which each member of such body is ordinarily considered to carry about him, either in his brain or the pocket of his pantaloons.

Meanwhile, we ought to call attention to the fact that Mr. Murdoch's Readings at Steinway Hall have met with a large and unequivocal success.

We are the more gratified at this, because it shows that the attendance which thronged the earlier readings of Mr. Dickens was not simply dependent upon his being a foreign importation, and convinces us that when Mrs. Fanny Kemble makes her appearance before the public, which we understand she will do in the coming month, she will reap a more thorough and warmer appreciation than either of them. It is a long period since we last heard this lady read, but we regard it as one of our most pleasant memories, for she was indubitably the most accomplished, and versatile, as well as the grandest reader in public we have ever heard. As she has yet lost none of her power—that strange power of embodying at almost the same moment, for the ear, the various characters she translates to her audience—we congratulate the lovers of Shakespeare upon the delight which is in store for them.

Little or nothing of novelty has been presented at the theatres during the past week.

"The White Fawn" is proving a mine of gold to Wheatley, Jarrett & Palmer—Wallack has found a new place in the revival of "Pauline"—Lotta and Maggie Mitchell draw nightly throngs to applaud them at the Broadway and Olympic—The Worrells have been doing the same at their theatre with "The Streets of New York," and the admirable French Company under Mr. Bateman's management delights the more fashionable audiences who prefer the quieter refinement of a Parisian troupe to our own somewhat more pronounced school of acting.

#### ART GOSSIP.

In the rooms of the School of Design for Women, Cooper Institute, we have lately been shown several interesting pieces of sculpture, executed by Dr. Rimmer, under whose superintendence about 160 pupils are now pursuing their studies in the various branches of art. Among the finished works of Dr. Rimmer, who is a native, we believe, of Boston, is "The Gladiator," a life-size figure which was exhibited at the Paris Exposition last year. The pose of the figure is that of action, in which nearly all the muscles of the body and limbs are brought into play. The body is thrown back, giving full development to the muscular system of the chest, back, and loins. As a study of anatomy, independent of the effect of combined activity and strength conveyed by the sculptor, this is a very remarkable work. The result of Dr. Rimmer's early anatomical studies in the school of surgery are to be seen in the absolute fidelity with which he has produced in this figure the superficial markings and modulations of the well-developed human frame. It is stated that the French artists and critics were incredulous with regard to this being a genuine work of art, some of them going so far as to hint that it must have been built up in plaster from a living subject! However flattering this may have been to the sculptor, the animus by which it was dictated is none the less open to the suspicion of envy. A hawk-headed figure of the Egyptian Osiris, displaying the proportions of the human form with the muscular system in a state of repose, has also been lately executed by Dr. Rimmer. Both of the statues referred to which are as yet in plaster, but will probably be transmuted into marble or bronze, have an unmistakable air of the antique about them. The sculptor is now engaged in building up in the clay a colossal, or heroic, idealization of "Endymion," of which we shall further speak when the proper time arrives. The colossal statue of Alexander Hamilton, in granite, erected not long since in sculpture, by-the-by, was an antique head carved out by him from the solid granite, without any previous sketch or model in clay; and of this there is now a cast to be seen at his rooms in the School of Design.

Mr. Jackson, an American sculptor, resident for several years past at Florence, and who formerly occupied a studio in the West Tenth Street building, has lately returned to this city, and will shortly exhibit a group in the Putnam Art Gallery.

Mr. J. W. Ehnlinger has received a commission from Columbia College for a full-length, life-size portrait of the late Professor Charles Anthon.

Mr. J. H. Beard is engaged on a large picture of the farmsteads and stables of Colonel Alexander, the famous Kentucky turfite.

On Saturday afternoon, February 15th, a large party of ladies and gentlemen assembled by invitation of Mr. Knodler in the Goupil Gallery, to enjoy a private view of Mr. A. D. Shastuck's picture of "The White Hills in

October." The canvas is a very large one, 55 by 90 inches. Snow lies upon the furthest range of mountains, and from the distance a river comes tumbling down through a rugged gully of rocks. The nearer hills are covered with wood, in which the autumnal tints contrast those to the right of the wild forest. The trees and rocks to the right of the wild forest is characterized by which the wild forest is characterized, are drawn on a painted with great skill, and in the elements of atmosphere and space the artist has been eminently successful. This picture will remain on exhibition in the gallery for some time.

Mr. Alfred Ordway has been appointed to the clerkship of the Academy of Design, a position for which he is eminently fitted by association and experience alike.

#### BOOK NOTICES.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE. By J. W. FORNEY, Secretary of the Senate, Editor of the Philadelphia Press, etc. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

The impressions and appreciations of a man of experience in life, and intimate acquaintance with public affairs, and not the hurried observations of an amateur traveler, this book has a value beyond the ordinary class of "Sketches" and "Incidents of Travel." Colonel Forney, from position as well as study, was able to see and learn much more of society and governmental institutions abroad than most of his countrymen who thronged Europe during the Exhibition summer; and he has here brought together, in a pleasing form, not only an account of what he saw, but the deductions of a matured mind from the data that fell in his way. We know of no book from which the intelligent reader can get a better impression of Europe, as it is to-day, than from this of Colonel Forney. His reflections on political affairs abroad are clear and statesmanlike, and we cannot read them without regretting that their author has not that place in the councils of the nation where his knowledge, experience and clear intelligence would be of so great public utility.

#### TRIAL OF REV. STEPHEN H. TYNG, JR.

THE trial of Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, for an alleged breach of the discipline of the Episcopal Church, will doubtless be recorded as one of the *causes celebres* of this country. The interest it excites, in an ecclesiastical point of view, is so general and earnest that we publish an illustration of the scene of the opening proceedings. The case was resumed, pursuant to adjournment, on Monday, the 10th inst., in the school-room of St. Peter's Church, West 90th street, in this city. As might be expected, a crowd of eager listeners and spectators were in attendance. The Board consists of the Rev. Drs. Beach (chairman), Tuttle, Hoffman, Hollingworth and Moore. The presenters, Drs. Boggs and Stubbs, were both in court. The charge brought by them against the reverend respondent is, briefly, that he violated the seventeenth canon of this diocese in preaching before a dissenting (Methodist) congregation, in June last, at New Brunswick, N. J. As it is not a part of our duty to comment on the questions involved in this ecclesiastical dispute, we will leave the public to judge, each one according to his or her religious views and education, how far this trial will advance the interests of the Church.

#### An English Baronet Convicted of Bigamy.

SIR GIDEON CULLING EARDLEY, Bart., was convicted of bigamy at the Central Criminal Court, in London, on the 27th of January last, and sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment with hard labor. The rank of the culprit and the high social position of his family, give peculiar interest to his case.

Nine years ago, Sir Gideon Culling Eardley came of age, being at that time heir to a baronetcy, to a very large and unencumbered property, and to an honored name. His father not only bore a high character, but was celebrated for his active zeal and benevolence. Through his parents the young man was connected with many families of distinction, who owe their reputations to their public services far more than to the title with which those services have been rewarded. On whatever career in life he had chosen to enter, the path of success was made easy to him; and yet within nine years he stands in a felon's dock, bankrupt in purse, broken in reputation, beggared alike of friends and fortune, bereft of everything except the empty title which only suffices to render more conspicuous the story of his sin and shame.

In the year 1859 the then Mr. Eardley was traveling in North America. While residing at New York he made the acquaintance of Miss Meece, the daughter of a merchant occupying a respectable position, and he became engaged to her with her parents' consent. It was stated by the prosecution that Mr. Eardley deceived the lady's family by professing that he had obtained the consent of his own father to the match. Whether this is so or not, it seems admitted on all sides that the late Sir Culling Eardley did not know of the marriage until after it had been accomplished. No secret, however, was made about the matter in New York. The young Englishman and his American bride were married in a fashionable church of the Empire City, by one of the most eminent of Episcopal divines, in the presence of a large number of witnesses, many of whom, like Mr. Cyrus Field, are well-known in English society. The happy couple—to adopt the stereotyped phrase used on such occasions—came to Europe shortly after their wedding, and the fact of the union was then made known to the bridegroom's family. We are not trespassing on the domain of private life when we say that even thus early in his career Mr. Eardley's conduct had been such as to render his relatives only too glad to see him respectably married; and, after satisfactory inquiries had been made, Mrs. Eardley was cordially acknowledged by her husband's family.

For about four years Mr. and Mrs. Eardley lived together as man and wife, both in England and on the Continent. The union was notoriously unhappy; nor, indeed, could any other result have been expected from the extravagance and general misconduct of the husband. Meanwhile no doubt was entertained respecting the validity of the marriage, and the society in which Mrs. Eardley was received would be in itself a guarantee for the fact that she was universally regarded as her husband's lawful wife.

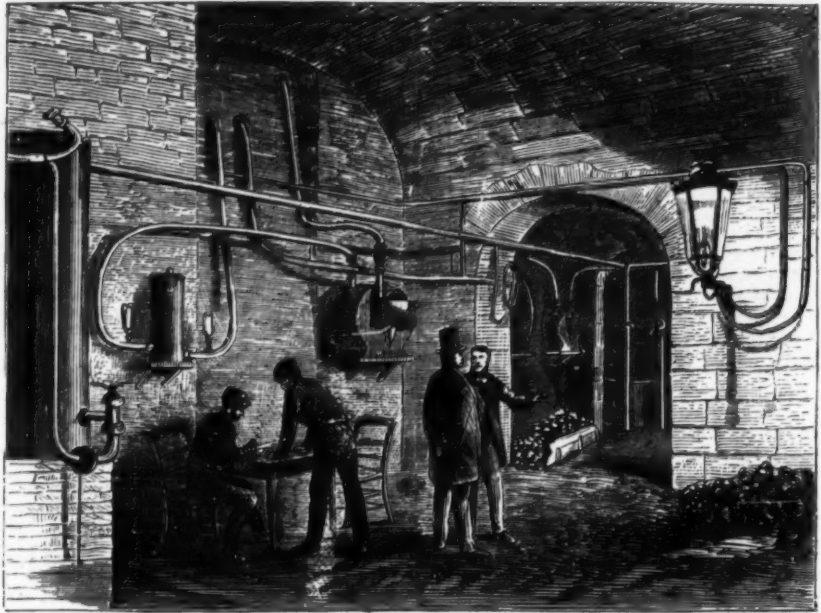
At last, in 1863, matters came to a crisis; a separation was agreed upon by mutual consent, and a deed was drawn up arranging the terms; the lady being described, under Mr. Eardley's own signature, as having a legal right to the name she bore. Two years later, Sir Culling, who by that time had succeeded to the baronetcy on his father's death, wrote a letter filled with almost servile expressions of regret for his own misconduct, and imploring his injured wife to return to him. His repentance, if sincere, did not last long. Lady Eardley declined to credit his professions; and the young baronet appears to have continued on the road to ruin with even greater haste and recklessness than before. At last, after he had become hopelessly embarrassed, and had exhausted the patience of all persons connected with him, he committed an act, the folly of which is even more incredible than its wickedness. His wife being still alive, he went, in the course of last autumn, through the form of marriage before a registrar with a Miss Allen, and in the marriage certificate he described himself as a bachelor. Ruined, desperate, cast off by his friends, excommunicated from the society of his equals, debilitated in mind and body by a long career of low dissipation, driven to his wife's end by embarrassments, he has sunk to that state in which a man hardly calculates the results of his actions, and yields to the first temptation which presents itself, without pausing to consider the inevitable penalty. There is such a state in the prodigal's career; and perhaps Sir Culling Eardley had reached that stage when he committed a crime which was absolutely certain to be detected.



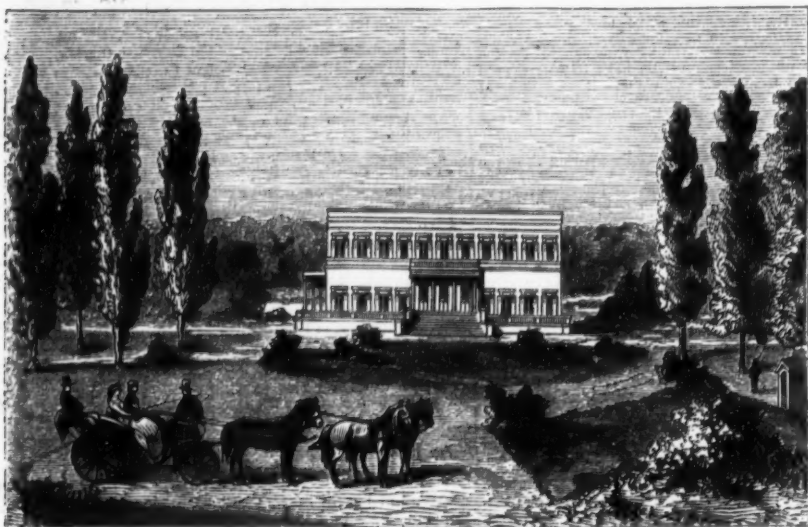
## The Pictorial Spirit of the European Illustrated Press.



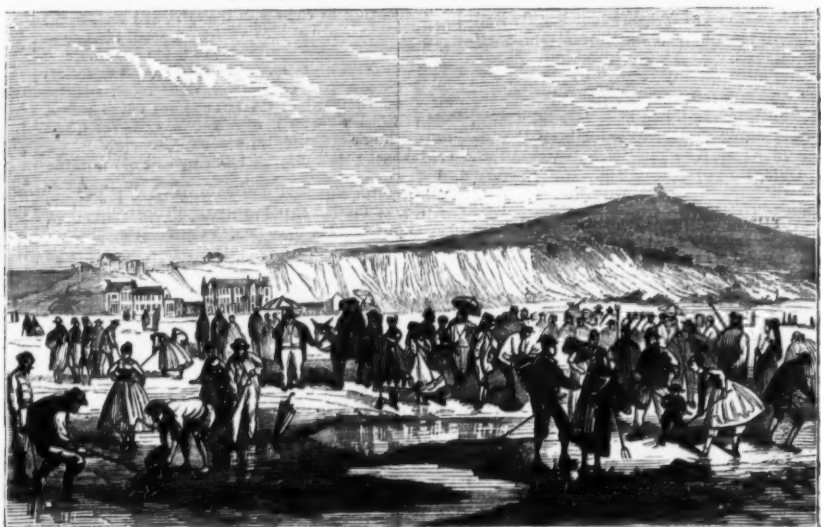
NEW METHOD OF LIGHTING WITH GAS—WORKS FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF OXYGEN IN THE VAULTS OF THE HOTEL DE VILLE, PARIS, FRANCE—SYSTEM OF TESSIE DU MOTAY AND MARECHAL.



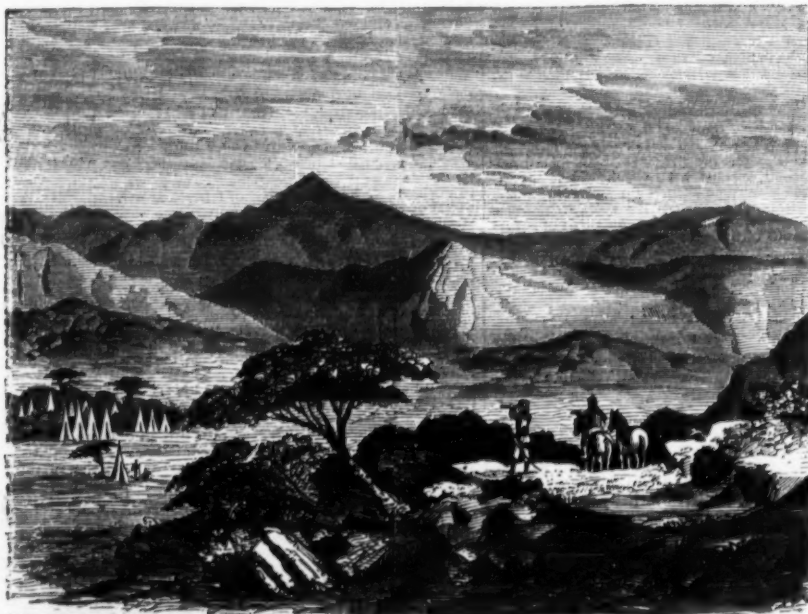
THE REFINING APPARATUS AND GASOMETER USED IN THE SYSTEM OF MESSRS. TESSIE DU MOTAY AND MARECHAL, PARIS, FRANCE.



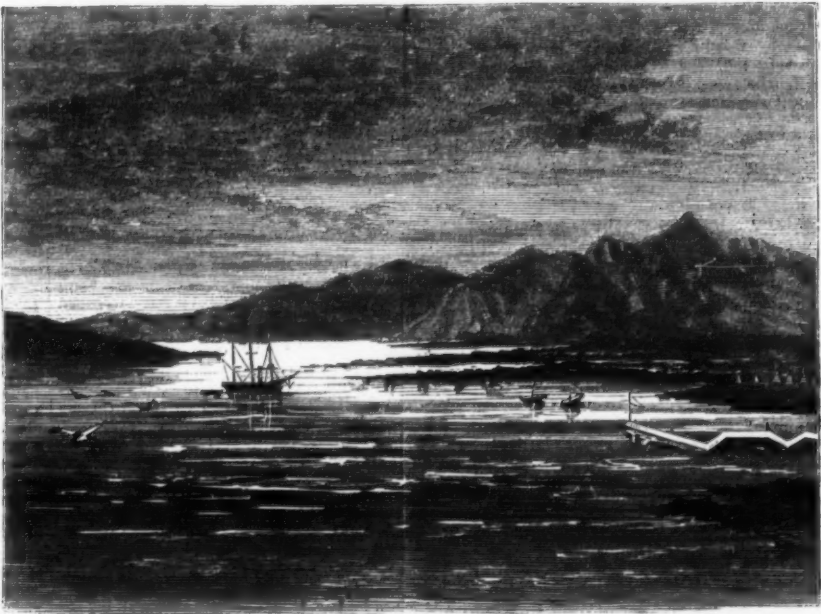
THE PALACE OF TERVUEREN, THE RESIDENCE OF THE EX-EMPRESS CHARLOTTE, OF MEXICO.



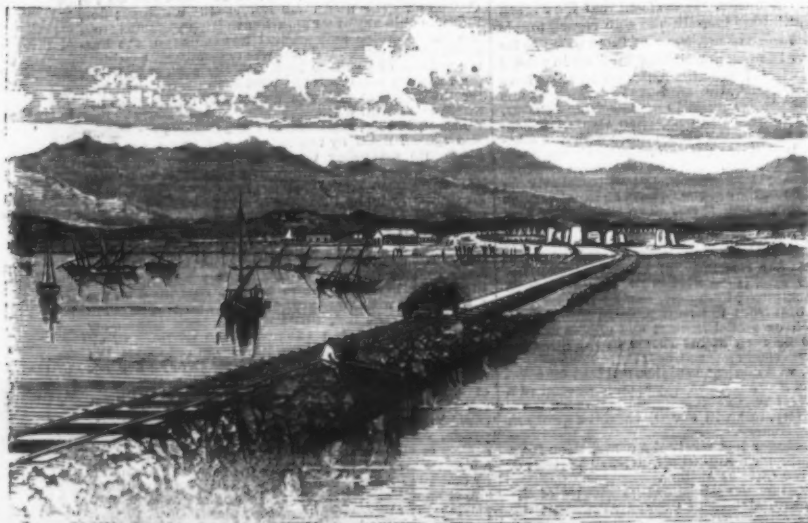
FISHING FOR "EQUILLES" ON THE CHANNEL SHORE OF FRANCE.



THE CAMP OF OBSERVATION OF THE ENGLISH ARMY, NEAR WEAH, ABYSSINIA.



THE PLACE OF DEBARKATION OF THE ENGLISH TROOPS, NEAR ZOULA, ABYSSINIA.



PIER AND LANDING PLACE AT ZOULA, ANNESLEY BAY, ABYSSINIA.



KOOMALLIE, AT THE MOUTH OF THE PASS LEADING TO SENAFE, ABYSSINIA.





THE CHILD WIFE—"YOU WILL EXCUSE MY DAUGHTER, SIR," SAID MRS. GIRDWOOD; "SHE IS ALREADY ENGAGED."—SEE PAGE 374.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN  
ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

New Method of Lighting with Gas—System of Messrs. Tessier du Mothay and Marechal.

Our two engravings of the new method of lighting with gas, represent the establishment in the vaults of

the Hotel de Ville, at Paris, France, for the manufacture of oxygen, and the refining apparatus and gasometers in use. The first trial was made recently, in front of the Hotel de Ville, of Messieurs Tessier du Mothay and Marechal's new method of lighting streets and public places. To judge by the effect produced upon the scientific judges who were present, and the applause of the surrounding crowd, the experiment

proved a great success. When placed in competition and juxtaposition with the new lights, the old-fashioned gas-burners looked just what the lanterns of other days would do before the former. The new method consists simply in procuring the complete combustion of the ordinary gas by the application of oxygen. The supply is communicated by a small tube in the centre of the ordinary gaslight, and the effect, as estimated by the

photometer, is to produce a light of sixty times the intensity of the ordinary process of consumption. Indeed, by the judgment of all present, it will be necessary that the luminous power should be moderated and deprived of its too dazzling effects by being passed through ground or colored glasses, should the method come into common use. Now there is nothing very novel in the fact of a very brilliant light being pro-



FATAL EXPLOSION AT THE NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN PARAFFINE OIL WORKS, AT SOUTH BROOKLYN, LONG ISLAND, ON THE 12TH INST.—SEE PAGE 374.



duced by a supply of oxygen. But then to do so has hitherto been found a very expensive process, entirely unfit for general application. The boast of Messrs. Mothay and Marechal is, that they have discovered the means of effecting this at a very cheap rate. They procure their oxygen from the common atmosphere. How or by what means they do this, is their secret. But they have succeeded in procuring it at such a rate that their oxygen costs them only 75 centimes the cubic metre, or about a fifth of the usual cost. Their calculation, therefore, is that three cubic metres of ordinary gas, plus four cubic metres of oxygen, costing together only about nine francs, will give as much light as 180 cubic metres of ordinary gas, of the value of 84 francs. The inference is, that with experience, we may soon light our streets three or four times as effectually at half the expense.

#### The Palace of Tervueren—Residence of Charlotte, Ex-Empress of Mexico.

The Palace of Tervueren, the summer residence of the unfortunate widow of Maximilian, is, as will be seen in our engraving, a structure of no great architectural pretensions. It was formerly the summer residence of the late King of Holland, presented to him by the nation when he was Prince of Orange, in acknowledgment of his services at the battle of Waterloo. It is probable that the palace was originally intended for a shooting-lodge, as it is surrounded with an immense park well-stocked with game. It has recently been improved under the directions of the King of the Belgians. One room is fitted up as a chapel, where, every day during her residence there, the Ex-empress attended mass. In the commencement of October, Charlotte left Tervueren to spend the winter at Lachen.

#### Views of Abyssinian Scenery.—The British Expedition Against King Theodoros.

The Atlantic cable announces that important dispatches have been received from Abyssinia. At the last accounts from the Interior General Napier was at the front pushing on the advance, and the hostile forces were drawing nearer to each other. Reports had reached Annesley Bay that skirmishes had already taken place between the British advance and the force of King Theodoros, but no particulars of the fighting are given. Official dispatches from General Napier are anxiously awaited. As it is probable that intelligence of active warfare will soon be received, it will be acceptable to the public to have an idea of the scene of operations. We give four engravings of views in Abyssinia connected with the movements of the British expedition: The pier and landing-place at Zoula, Annesley Bay; Koomalee, at the mouth of the pass leading to Senafe; the place of debarkation of the English troops near Zoula; and the camp of observation of the English army near Wash. As representations of Abyssinian scenery, the sketches are particularly interesting at the present time, when the public curiosity is excited in regard to the invasion of the dominions of King Theodoros.

#### Fishing for Sealy Eels (Equilles) on the Channel Shore, France.

The *equille* is found only in that part of France bordering on the channel, and is the best bait known to fishermen for catching mackerel and other voracious fish of that description. They are caught with a little pitch-fork that the practiced hand thrusts into the damp sand at spots where a little jet of water indicates the habitation of the eel. The fisherman adroitly feels his way with his hook, and with a sudden movement brings out the little squirming, looking like a silvery ray, taking him, so to say, on the wing. Our engraving represents the scene.

#### Fatal Explosion of the Paraffine Oil Works in Brooklyn, on the 12th inst.

At about half-past ten o'clock on Wednesday evening, February 12th, an explosion occurred at the New York and Brooklyn Paraffine Oil Works, situated on the corner of Ewen and Dwight streets, Brooklyn. There were five large stills in use at this establishment, and as three workmen were engaged in running off oil from Still No. 4, the oil by some means became ignited, and exploded with a report likened to a volley of artillery. Following the explosion, a large volume of bright flames rose in the air, and immediately an alarm was sounded, and the firemen repaired promptly to the scene of the catastrophe. After searching the premises for some time, the body of James Broe, one of the workmen, was found lying in the corner of the yard, more than twenty feet from the stills, and burned to a crisp. The corpse presented a most sickening appearance, the flesh being almost entirely consumed, and the skeleton frightfully charred. The remains were removed to the station-house of the Forty-third Precinct Police. The deceased was forty years of age, a native of Ireland, and leaves a wife and six children.

Edward Conroy, another workman, was discovered in the midst of the flames raging about the stills, when Engineer Dowd, Foreman Curran, and two other firemen, dashed through the fire and rescued him from immediate death.

Conroy was removed to the Long Island College Hospital, but his burns were of so serious a character that he died at four o'clock the following morning, after six hours of intense agony.

The cause of the explosion is said to have been a leak in the still, and it is alleged that the workmen left in charge of the works were too ignorant of the management of the stills to be able to detect any danger.

#### MAJESTY ON ICE.—A Paris correspondent says:

A day or two ago the emperor and empress were induced to venture on the ice. We were standing close to their majesties for some time, and could almost hear through the clear cold air the cooing entreaties of the empress to induce his majesty to cut boldly out into the distance. The skates were on his feet, bran new skates, highly ornamented with brass nails, and fitted to the imperial feet neat and tight as dancing pumps. Never was the difference between man's strength and woman's weakness more admirably demonstrated than on this occasion. His majesty did not wish to venture. He was evidently ill, out of sorts, would have given anything to have remained a quiet spectator of the scene; but her majesty, whose spirits were elevated by the movements and the gaiety, the cold frosty air, and the excitement of the sport, took his hand so gently and with such winning grace, that in an instant all his high resolve and firm determination melted away into thin air, and away he flew on the wings of Arthur Young's aphorism, but, alas! was too soon arrested in his course by the wisdom of nations just quoted above, for the point of one of the bran new skates having caught in a slight crack in the ice, his majesty fell heavily on his side, and was assisted to the bank, not having, fortunately, sustained the smallest injury, but somewhat shaken. The incident, which had caused some little emotion among the immediate endowments of the imperial skaters, was hushed on an instant, and all comment silenced among those who had actually witnessed it from the bank by the presence of mind displayed by the empress, who went on skating as merrily as ever.

#### LOTUS WINE.

Are you tired of care and strife,  
Tired of longing always vain,  
Tired of dreams that lure us on,  
Till their vagueness gives us pain?  
Tired of thinking o'er and o'er  
What the future holds in trust;  
Can we face its weal or woe?  
Yes, my darling, if we must.

Here is Lotus-wine, my love;  
Fill your goblet to the brim;  
See the shafts of amber light  
Shivered on its crystal rim.  
Drink, and dream the present gone,  
Dream the past has never been,  
Dream the future far away,  
With its strife, and care, and din.

Drink! and life will fade away,  
Like a vapor in the breeze;  
Drink! and dream of lotus blooms,  
By the shores of summer seas.  
Dream that somewhere, far away,  
Is an island green and fair;  
And in dreams we'll outward sail  
Till our bark casts anchor there.

Drink! the sunbeams dip their gold  
In your goblet's rosy wine,  
And they cling about its brim,  
Where the sparkling foam-drops shine.  
Dreams more sweet than we have known  
Linger in its rosy tide;  
Drink! and care shall be forgot—  
Drink! and tears shall be denied.

Ah! what use to drink and dream?  
After dreaming one must wake!  
Dash the tempting cup away—  
Let the fragile crystal break!  
Dreams are not more fair and frail;  
Let us act the nobler part:  
Live! and in a new, brave life,  
Grief and pain will lose their smart!

## THE CHILD WIFE:

A Tale of the Two Worlds.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

#### CHAPTER VI.—A LOVING COUPLE.

"MARRIED for love! Hach! fool that I've been!"

The man who muttered these words was seated with elbows resting upon a table, and hands thrust distractedly through his hair.

"Fool that I've been, and for a similar reason!"

The rejoinder, in a female voice, came from an inner apartment. At the same instant the door, already ajar, was spitefully pushed open, disclosing the speaker to view: a woman of splendid form and features, not the less so that both were quivering with indignation.

The man started, and looked up with an air of embarrassment.

"You heard me, Frances?" he said, in a tone half-sarcastic, half-ashamed.

"I heard you, Richard, answered the woman, sweeping majestically into the room. "A pretty speech for a man scarce twelve months married! for you. Villain!"

"That name is welcome!" doggedly retorted the man. "It's enough to make one a villain!"

"What's enough, sir?"

"To think, that but for you I might have had my thousands a year, with a titled lady for my wife!"

"Not worse than to think, that but for you I might have had my tens of thousands, with a lord for my husband! ay, a coronet on my crown, where you are barely able to stick a bonnet!"

"Bah! I wish you had your lord."

"And bah, to you! I wish you had your lady."

The dissatisfied Benedict, finding himself more than matched in the game of recrimination, dropped back into his chair; replanted his elbows on the table; and resumed the torturing of his hair.

Back and forth over the floor of the apartment, paced the outraged wife, like a tigress chafed, but triumphant.

Man and wife, they were a remarkable couple. By nature both were highly endowed; the man handsome as Apollo, the woman beautiful as Venus. Adorned with moral grace, they might have challenged comparison with anything on earth. In the scene described, it was more like Lucifer talking to Juno enraged.

The conversation was in the English tongue, the accent was English, the speakers apparently belonging to that country—both of them. This impression was confirmed by some articles of traveling gear, trunks and portmanteaus of English manufacture, scattered over the floor. But the apartment was in the second story of a second class boarding-house in the city of New York.

The explanation is easy enough. The amiable couple had but lately landed from an Atlantic steamer. The "O. K." of the Custom House clerk was still legible on their luggage.

Looking upon the pair of strange travelers—more especially after listening to what they have said—one skilled in the physiognomy of English life, would have made the following reflections:

The man has evidently been born "a gentleman;" and as evidently brought up in a bad school. He has been in the British army. About that there can be no mistake; no more than that he is now out of it. He still carries his whisker, though not its commission. The latter he has lost by selling out; but not until after receiving a hint from his colonel, or a "round robin" from his brother officers, requesting him to "resign." If

ever rich, he has long since squandered his wealth; perhaps even the money obtained for his commission. He is now poor. His looks proclaim him an adventurer.

Those of the woman carry to a like conclusion, as regards herself. Her air and action, the showy style of her dress, a certain recklessness observable in the cast of her countenance, bring the beholder—who has once stood alongside "Rotten Row,"—back to the border of that world-renowned ride. In the fair Fan he sees the type of the "pretty horsebreaker"—the "Anonyma" of the season.

It is an oft-repeated experience. A handsome man, a beautiful woman, both equally heart-wicked, inspiring one another with a transient passion, that lasts long enough to make man and wife of them, but rarely outlives the honeymoon. Such was the story of the couple in question.

The stormy scene described was far from being the first. It was but one of the squalls almost daily occurring between them.

The calm succeeding such a violent gust could not be continuous. A cloud so dark could not be dissipated without a further discharge of electricity.

It came; the last speaker, as if least satisfied, resuming the discourse.

"And supposing you had married your lady—I know who you mean—that old scratch, Lady C—what a nice time the two of you would have had of it! She could only have kissed you, at risk of losing her front teeth, or swallowing them. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Lady C—be hanged! I could have had half a score of titled ladies; some of them as young, and just as good-looking, as you!"

"Boasting braggart! 'Tis false! and you know it! Good-looking as *me!* How you've changed your tune! You know I was called the 'Belle of Brompton!' Thank heaven, I don't need you to satisfy me of my good looks. Men of ten times your taste have pronounced upon them; and *may yet!*"

The last speech was delivered in front of a cheval glass, before which the speaker had stopped, as if to admire her person.

Certainly the glass gave out an image that did not contradict what she had said.

"May yet!" echoed the satiated rake, in a drawl, that betokened either indifference, or its assumption. "I wish some of them *would!*"

"Indeed! Then some of them *shall!*"

"Oh! I'm agreeable. Nothing would give me greater pleasure. Thank God! we've got into a country where people take a common-sense view of these questions, and where divorce can be obtained, not only on the quiet, but cheaper than the license itself! So far from standing in your way, madam, I'll do all I can to assist you. I think we can honestly plead 'incompatibility of temper!'"

"She'd be an angel that couldn't plead that with you."

"There's no danger, then, of your being denied the plea; unless fallen angels be excepted."

"Mean insulter! Oh, mercy! to think I've thrown myself away on this worthless man!"

"Thrown yourself away? Ha! ha! ha! What were you when I found you? A waif—if not worse. The darkest day of my life was that on which I picked you up!"

"Scoundrel!"

The term "scoundrel" is the sure and close precursor of a climax. When passed between two gentlemen, it not infrequently leads to a mutual pulling of noses. From a lady to a gentleman the result is of course different, though in any case it conduces to a serious turn in the conversation. Its effect in the present instance was to end it altogether.

With only an exclamation for rejoinder, the husband sprang to his feet, and commenced pacing up and down one side of the room. The wife, already engaged in like perambulation, had possession of the other.

In silence they crossed and recrossed; at intervals exchanging angry glances, like a tiger and tigress, making the tour of their cage.

For ten minutes, or more, was this mute unsocial promenade continued.

The man was the first to tire of it; and once more resuming his seat, he took a "regalia" from his case; set fire to the weed; and commenced smoking.

The woman, as if determined not to be outdone in the way of indifference, produced her cigar-case; selected from it a tiny "queen;" and, sinking down into a rocking-chair, sent forth a cloud of smoke that soon rendered her almost as invisible as Juno in her *nébuleux*.

There was no longer an exchange of glances—it was scarce possible—and for ten minutes more not any of speech. The wife was silently nursing her wrath; while the husband appeared to be engaged on some abstruse problem that occupied all his intellect. At length an exclamation, escaping involuntarily from his lips, seemed to declare its solution; while the cheerful cast of his countenance, just perceptible through the smoke, told of his having reached a conclusion that was satisfactory to him.

Taking the regalia from between his teeth, and puffing away the cloud that intervened, he leant toward his wife, at the same time pronouncing her name in diminutive—

"Fan!"

The form, with the accent in which it was uttered, seemed to say that on his side the storm had blown over. His chafed spirit had become tranquilized under the influence of the nicotine.

The wife, as if similarly affected, removed the "queen" from her lips; and in a tone that smacked of forgiveness, gave out the rejoinder:

"Dick!"

"An idea has occurred to me," said he, resuming the conversation in a shape entirely new.

"A grand idea!"

"Of its grandeur I have my doubts. I shall be

better able to judge when you've imparted it. You intend doing that, I perceive."

"I do," he answered, without taking notice of the sarcasm.

"Let's hear it, then?"

"Well, Fan; if there's anything in this world clearer than another, it's that by getting married we've both made a mucker of it."

"That's clear as daylight—to me at least."

"Then, you can't be offended if I take a similar view of the question. We married one another for love. There we did a stupid thing; since neither of us could afford it."

"I suppose I know all that. Tell me something new."

"More than stupid!" pursued the worthless husband; "it was an act of absolute madness!"

"Most certainly, on my part."

"On the part of both of us. Mind you, I don't say I repent making you my wife. Only in one way; and that is because I've spoiled your chances in life. I'm aware you *could* have married richer men."

"Oh, you admit that, do you?"

"I do. And you must admit, I could have married richer women."

"Lady Scratch, for example."

"No matter. Lady Scratch could have kept me from this hard scratch for a living; which promises to be still harder. You know there's no resource left me but the little skill I've acquired in manipulating pasteboard. I've come over here, under the pleasant hallucination I should find plenty of pigeons, and that the hawks only existed on our side of the Atlantic. Well; I've been round with my introductions, and what's the result? To discover, that the duldest flat in New York would be a sharp in the saloons of London. I've dropped a hundred pounds already; and don't see much chance of taking them up again."

"And what do you see, Dick? What's this grand idea?"

"Are you prepared to listen to a proposal?"

"How 'cordescending of you to ask me! Let me hear it. Whether I may feel inclined to agree to it, is another thing."

"Well, my dear Fan: your own words have suggested it; so you can't reproach me for originating it."

"If it be an *idea*, you needn't fear that. What words, may I ask?"

"You said you wished I had married my lady."

"I did. What is there in that?"

"More than you think for. A whole world of meaning."

"I meant what I said."

"In spite, only, Fan."

"In earnest."

"Ha, ha! I know you too well for that."

"Do you? You flatter yourself, I think. Perhaps you may some day find your mistake."

"Not a bit of it. You love me too well, Fan; as I do you. It is just for that I am going to make the proposal."

"Out with it! I shan't like you any the better for thus tantalizing me. Come, Dick; you want me to grant something? What is it?"

"Give me your permission to—"

"To do what?"

"To get married again!"

The wife of twelve months started, as if struck by a shot. In her glance there was anger and surprise, only subdued by interrogation.

"Are you in earnest, Dick?"

The inquiry was mechanical. She saw that he was.

"Wait till you've heard me out," he rejoined, proceeding to the explanation.

She waited.

"What I propose, then, is this: You leave me free to get married again. More than that, give me your help to accomplish it—for our mutual benefit. It's the very country for such a scheme; and I flatter myself I'm the very man who may bring it to a satisfactory conclusion. These Yankees have been growing rich. There are now scores—hundreds of heiresses among them. Strange if I can't pick one of them up! They must either be daintier than you, Fan; or else I've lost my attractions."

The appeal to her vanity, skillful though it was, failed to elicit a rejoinder. She remained silent, permitting her husband to continue his explanation.

He continued:

"It's no use shutting our eyes to the situation. We've both been speaking the truth. We've made fools of ourselves. Your beauty has been the means of spoiling my chances in life; and my—well, good looks, if I must say it—have done the same for you. It's been a mutual love, and a reciprocal ruin—in short, a sell on both sides."

"True enough. Go on!"

"The prospect before us! I, the son of a poor prebend, you—well, it's no use to talk of family affairs. We came over here in hopes of bettering our condition. The land of milk and honey turns out to be but gall and bitterness. We've but one hundred pounds left. When that's gone, what next, Fan?"

Fan could not tell.

"We may expect but slight consideration for gentility here," continued the adventurer. "Our cash once spent, what can I do—or what you? I know of nothing, except to take hold of the delicate ribbons of a street hack; while you must attune your musical ear to the tinkle of a sewing-machine, or the creaking of a mangle. By heaven! there'll be no help for it!"

The *et-dévant* belle of Brompton, appalled by the prospect, started up from the rocking-chair, and once more commenced pacing the room.

Suddenly she stopped; and, turning to her husband, inquired:

"Do you intend to be true to me, Dick?"

The question was put in an eager, earnest tone. Equally earnest was the answer:

"Of course I do. How can you doubt me, Fan? We're both alike interested in the speculation. You may trust me as steel!"



"I agree to it, then, Dick. But dread steel if you betray me!"

Dick answered the threat with a light laugh; at the same time imprinting a Judas kiss on the lips that had pronounced it!

## CHAPTER VII.—A DUTIFUL DAUGHTER.

"An officer just returned from Mexico—a captain, or something of the sort, in one of the regiments raised for the war. Of course, a nobody!"

It was the storekeeper's retort who spoke.

"Did you hear his name, mamma?" murmured Julia.

"Certainly, my dear. The clerk pointed it out on the hotel register—Maynard."

"Maynard! If it be the Captain Maynard spoken of in the papers, he's not such a nobody. At least the dispatches do not say so. Why, it was he who led the forlorn hope at C—, besides being first over the bridge at some other place with an unpronounceable name!"

"Stuff about forlorn hopes and bridges! That won't help him, now that he is out of the service, and his regiment disbanded. Of course he'll be without either pension or pay, besides a *souppçon* of his having empty pockets. I got so much out of the servant that waits upon him."

"He is to be pitied for that."

"Pity him as much as you like, my dear; but don't let it go any farther. Heroes are all very well in their way when they've got the dollars to back 'em up. Without these they don't count for much now-a-days; and rich girls don't go marrying them any more."

"Ha! ha! ha! Who thinks of marrying him?" Daughter and niece simultaneously asked the question.

"No flirtations neither," gravely rejoined Mrs. Girdwood. "I won't allow them—certainly not with him."

"And why not with him, as much as any one else, most honored mother?"

"Many reasons. We don't know who or what he may be. He don't appear to have slightest acquaintance with any one in the place; and no one is acquainted with him. He's a stranger in this country, and believed to be Irish."

"Oh, aunt! I should not think any the worse of him for that. My own father was Irish."

"Whatever he may be, he is a brave man, and a gallant one," quietly rejoined Julia.

"And a handsome one, too?" added Cornelia, with a sly glance towards her cousin.

"I should think," pursued Julia, "that he who has climbed a scaling-ladder—to say nothing about the bridge—and who afterward, at the risk of his life, pulls two not very light young ladies up the face of a perpendicular precipice, might dispense with any farther introduction to society; even to the J's, the L's and the B's—the 'cream,' as they call themselves."

"Pff!" scornfully exclaimed the mother. "Any gentleman would have done the same; and would have done it for any lady. Why, he made no difference between you and Keziah; who is almost as heavy as both of you in a bundle!"

The remark caused the two young ladies to break forth into a fit of laughter; for they remembered at the time they had been saved from their peril the ludicrous look of the negress as she was drawn up to the crest of the cliff. Had she not been the last in the ascent, their remembrance of it might have been less vivid.

"Well, girls; I'm glad to see that you enjoy it. You may laugh as much as you like; but I'm in earnest. There must be no marrying in such a quarter as that, nor flirting neither. I don't want either of you talked about. As for you, Cornelia, I don't pretend to exercise any control over you. Of course you can act as you please."

"And I cannot?" quickly inquired the imperious Julia.

"Yes, can you, my dear. Marry Captain Maynard, or any other man who suits your fancy. But if you do so without my consent, you may make up your mind to be contented with your pin-money. Remember, that the million left by your father is mine for life."

"Indeed!"

"Ay! And if you act against my wishes, I shall live thirty years longer, to spite you—fifty if I can!"

"Well, mamma; I can't say but that you're candid. A charming prospect, should it please me to disobey you!"

"But you won't, Julia?" said Mrs. Girdwood, coaxingly; "you won't. You know better than that; else your dear mother's teaching has been so much waste time and trouble. But talking of time," continued the "dear mother," as she drew a jeweled watch from her belt, "in two hours the ball will begin. Go to your room, and get dressed. Off with you!"

Cornelia, obedient to the command, tripped out into the corridor, and, gliding along it, turned into the apartment occupied by herself and cousin.

Julia on the contrary, walked on to the balcony outside.

"Plague take the ball!" said she, raising her arms in a yawn. "I'd a thousand times rather go to bed!"

"And why, you silly child?" inquired her mother, who had followed her out.

"Mother, you know why! It will be just the same as at the last one—all alone among those impudent people. I hate them! How I should like to humiliate them!"

"To-night, you shall do that, my dear."

"How, mamma?"

"By wearing my diamond head-dress. The last present your dear father gave me. It cost him a twenty thousand dollar check! If we could only ticket the price upon the diamonds, how they would glitter in their envious eyes. Never mind; I should think they'll be sharp enough to guess it. Now, my girl, that will humiliate them!"

"Not much."

"Not much! Twenty thousand dollars worth of diamonds! There isn't such a tiara in the States. There won't be anything like it at the ball. As diamonds are in full fashion now, it will give you no end of a triumph; at all events, enough to satisfy you for the present. Perhaps when we come back here again, we may have the diamonds set in a still more attractive shape."

"How?"

"In a coronet!" replied the mother, whispering the words in her daughter's ear.

Julia Girdwood started, as if the speech had been an interpretation of her own thought. Brought up amid boundless wealth, she had been indulged in every luxury for which gold may be exchanged; but there was one which even gold could not purchase—an *entrée* into that mystic circle called "society"—a mingling with the *crème de la crème*.

Even in the free and easy atmosphere of a watering-place, she felt that she was excluded. She had discovered, as had also her mother, that Newport was too fashionable for the family of a New York retail storekeeper, however successful he may have been in disposing of his commodities. What her mother had just said was like the realization of a vague vision, already floating in her fancy; and the word "coronet" had more effect in spoiling the chances of Captain Maynard, than would have done the longest maternal lecture on any other text.

The mother well knew this. She had not trained her dear Julia to romantic disobedience. But at that moment it occurred to her, that the nail wanted clinching; and she proceeded to hammer it home.

"A coronet, my love; and why not? There are lords in England, and counts in France, scores of them, glad to grasp at such expectations as yours. A million of dollars, and beauty besides—you needn't blush, daughter—two things not often tacked together, nor to be picked up every day in the streets—either of London or Paris. A prize for a prince! And now, Julia, one word more. I shall be candid, and tell you the truth. It is for this purpose, and this only, I intend taking you to Europe. Promise to keep your heart free, and give your hand to the man I select for you, and on your wedding-day I shall make over one-half of the estate left by your late father!"

The girl hesitated. Perhaps she was thinking of her late rescuer? But if Maynard was in her mind, the interest he had gained there could only have been slight—certainly not strong enough to hold its place against the tempting terms thus held out to her. Besides, Maynard might not care for her. She had no reason to suppose that he did. And under this doubt, she had less difficulty in shaping her reply.

"I am serious upon this matter," urged the ambitious mother. "Quite as much as you, am I disgusted with the position we hold here. To think that the most worthless descendants of one of 'the old signers' should deem it a condescension to marry my daughter! Ah! not one of them shall—with my consent."

"Without that, mother, I shall not marry."

"Good, girl! you shall have the wedding gift I promised you. And to-night you shall not only wear my diamonds, but I make you free to call them your own. Go in—get them on!"

## CHAPTER VIII.—A NOBLEMAN INCOG.

THE strange dialogue thus terminated took place in front of the window of Mrs. Girdwood's apartment. It was in the night; a night starless and calm, and of course favorable to the eavesdroppers.

There was one.

In the room right above was a gentleman who had that day taken possession.

He had come by the night-boat from New York, and entered his name on the register as "Swinton," with the modest prefix of Mr. Attached were the words "and servant"—the latter represented by a dark-haired, dark-complexioned youth, dressed after the fashion of a footman, or *valet du voyage*.

To Newport, Mr. Swinton appeared to be a stranger; and had spent most of that day in exploring the little city founded by Coddington, and full of historic recollections.

Though conversing with nearly every body he met, he evidently knew no one; and as evidently no one knew him.

Impoliteness to a stranger would not comport with the character of Newport people; especially when that stranger had all the appearance of an accomplished gentleman, followed at respectful distance by a well-dressed and obsequious servant.

Those with whom he came in contact had but one thought:

"A distinguished visitor."

There was nothing in the appearance of Mr. Swinton to contradict the supposition. He was a man who had seen some thirty summers, with no signs to show that they had been unpleasantly spent. Amidst his glossy curls of dark asburn color, the eye could not detect a single strand of gray; and if the crow had set its claw upon his face, the track could not be observed under a well-cultivated whisker uniting to the mustache upon his lips—in short the facial tuncure which distinguishes the *habitué* of the Horse-Guards. There could be no mistaking him for any other than a "Britisher;" and as such was he set down, both by the citizens of the town, and the guests at the hotel.

The meal called "tea-supper" being over, and the stranger, having nothing better to do, was leaning out of the window of his sleeping-room, on the fourth story—tranquilly smoking a cigar.

A conversation that occurred between himself and his servant—exhibiting on the one side condescension, on the other a strange familiarity—need not be repeated. It had ended; and the servant had thrown himself, *sans façon*, on a sofa; while

the master, with arms resting on the window-sill, continued to inspire the perfume of the nicotian weed, along with the iodized air that came up from the *algæ* of the ocean.

The tranquil scene was favorable to reflection, and thus Mr. Swinton reflected:

"Deuced nice place! Devilish pretty girls! Hope I'll find one of them who's got money, and command of it as well. Sure to be some old hag here with a well-filled stocking, though it may take time to discover it. Let me get a glance at her cornucopia, and if I don't turn the small end upward, then—I shall believe what I have heard of these Yankee dames: that they hold their purse-strings tighter than do their simple cousins of England. Several hoireesses about, I've heard. One or two with something like a million apiece—dollars, of course. Five dollars to the pound. Let me see! A million of dollars makes two hundred thousand pounds. Well; that would do, or even the half of it. I wonder if that good-looking girl, with the maternal parent attached to her, has got any blunt? A little love mixed with the play would make my game all the more agreeable. Ah! What's below? The shadows of women from an open window, the occupants of the apartment underneath. Talking they are. If they would only come out on the balcony, there would be some chance of my hearing them. I'm just in the humor for listening to a little scandal; and if they're anything like their sex on the other side of the Atlantic, that's sure to be the theme. By Jove, they're coming out! Just to oblige me."

It was just at this moment that Cornelia retired to her room, and Mrs. Girdwood, following her daughter, took stand upon the balcony to continue the conversation which had been carried on inside.

Favored by the calm night, and the natural law of acoustics, Mr. Swinton heard every word that was said—even to the softest whisper.

In order to secure against being seen, he had withdrawn himself behind the Venetian shutter of his own window, and stood with his ear against the open lath-work, listening with all the intensity of a spy.

When the dialogue came to an end, he craned out, and saw that the young lady had gone inside; but that the mother still remained standing in the balcony.

Once more quietly drawing back, and summoning the valet to his side, he talked for some minutes in a low, hurried tone—as if giving the servant some instructions of an important nature.

Then putting on his hat, and throwing a light surtout over his shoulders, he hastened out of the room.

The servant followed; but not until an interval had elapsed.

In a few seconds after the Englishman might have been seen sauntering out upon the balcony with a careless air; and taking his stand within a few feet of where the rich widow stood leaning over the rail.

He made no attempt to address her. Without introduction, there would have been a certain rudeness in it. Nor was his face toward her; but to the sea, as if he had stopped to contemplate the light upon the Cormorant Rock, gleaming all the more brilliantly from the contrasted darkness of the night.

At that moment a figure of short stature appeared behind him, giving a slight cough, as if to attract his attention. It was the servant.

"My lord," said the latter, speaking in a low tone—though loud enough to be heard by Mrs. Girdwood.

"Aw—fwank—what is it?"

"What dress will your lordship wear to the ball?"

"Aw—aw—plain bwack, of cawse. A white chawker."

"What gloves, your lordship? White or straw?"

"Stwaw—stwaw."

The servant touching his hat, retired.

"His lordship," as Mr. Swinton appeared to be, returned to his tranquil contemplation of the light upon Cormorant Rock.

There was no longer tranquility for the retort of the retail storekeeper. Those magic words, "my lord," had set her soul in a flutter. A live lord within six feet of her! Gracious me!

It is the lady's privilege to speak first, as also to break through the boundaries of reserve. And of this Mrs. Girdwood was not slow to avail herself.

"You are a stranger, sir, I presume—to our country, as well as to Newport?"

"Aw—yes, madam—indeed, yes. I came to yaw beautiful country by the last steemaw. I arrived at Noopawt this morning, by bawt from Nooyawk."

"I hope your lordship will like Newport. It is our most fashionable watering-place."

"Aw; sawtlingly I shall—sawtlingly. But, madam, you address me as yaw ludship. May I ask why I have the honow to be so entitled?"

"Oh, sir; how could I avoid giving you the title, after hearing your servant so address you."

"Ah, fwank, stoopid fellow! doose take him! Pawdon me, madam, faw seeming woodness. I vewy much wewgot the occurrence. I am twaveling *incognito*. You, madam, will understand what a baw it is—especially in yaw fwee land of libawty, to have one's self pawpetwally pointed out? A howed baw, I assure yaw!"

"No doubt it is. I can easily understand that, my lord."

"Thanks, madam! I am vewy much indebted to yaw intelligence. But I must ask a still greater fayvaw at your hands. By the stoopidity of my fellow, I am completely in yaw power. I pwesume I am talking to a lady. In fact I am shaw of it."

"I hope so, my lord."

"Then, madam, the fayvaw I would ask is, that yaw keep this little secwet abawt ma title. Pwaw am I asking too much?"

"Not at all, sir; not at all."

"Yaw pwomise me?"

"I promise you, my lord."

"How vewy kind! A hundred thousand thanks, madam! I shall be fawewer gwateful. Pwaw yaw are going to the bawt to-night?"

"I intend so, my lord. I go with my daughter and niece."

"Aw—aw. I hope I shall have the plesyaw of seeing yaw. As I am a stwanger here, of cawse I know naw one. I go out of meaw qwynosity, or rather I should say, to observe yaw nationa cawactewistics."

"Oh, sir; you need be no stranger. If you wish to dance, and will accept as partners my niece and daughter, I can promise that both will be most happy."

"Madam, yaw ovawwhelm me with yaw genewosity."

The dialogue here came to an end. It was time to dress for the ball; and with a low bow on the part of the lord, and an obsequious courtesy on the side of the lady, they separated—expecting to come together again under the sheen of the chandeliers.

## CHAPTER IX.—AVANT LE BAL.

TERPSICHOIRE, at a fashionable watering-place in the New World, affects pretty much the same airs as in the Old.

In a ball-room, where all are not supposed to be *best people*, the solitary gentleman-stranger finds but little opportunity of taking exercise—especially in the "square-dances." As the coteries make the sets, and monopolize the choicest portions of the floor, when the room is crowded and everybody determined to dance, the unlucky wight, without acquaintances, finds himself sadly overlooked. The stewards are usually too much occupied with themselves, to remember those honorary duties represented by rosette or ribbon in the button-hole.

When it comes to the "round" the stranger stands a better chance. It is only a matter of mutual consent between two individuals; and he must be a very insignificant personage, indeed, who cannot then find some neglected wallflower willing to accommodate him.

Something of this frigidity might have been felt in the atmosphere of a Newport ball-room; even in those days, *ante bellum*, when Shoddy was a thing unheard of, and "ile" lay "unstruck" in the dark underground.

Something of it was felt by the young officer late returned from Mexico, and who was in fact a greater stranger to the "society" of the country for which he had been fighting, than to that against which he had fought!

In both he was but a traveler—half-wandering waif, half-adventurer—guided in his peregrinations less by interest than inclination.

To go dancing among unknown people is about the dullest occupation to which a traveler can betake himself; unless the dance be one of the free kind, where introductions are easy—morris, masque, or fandango.

Maynard knew, or conjectured, this to be true of Newport, as elsewhere. But for all that, he had determined on going to the ball.

It was partly out of curiosity; partly to kill time; and perhaps not a little for the chance of again meeting the two girls with whom he had been so romantically made acquainted.

He had seen them several times since—at the dinner-table, and elsewhere; but only at a distance, and without claiming the privilege of his *outré* introduction.

He was too proud to throw himself in their way. Besides, it was for them to make the advance, and say, whether the acquaintance was to be kept up.

They did not! Two days had passed, and they did not—either by speech, epistle, bow, or courtesy!

"What am I to make of these people?" soliloquized he. "They must be the veriest—"

He was going to say "snobs," when checked by the thought that they were ladies.

Besides, such an epithet to Julia Girdwood! (He had taken pains to make himself acquainted with her name). Not more inappropriate, than if applied to a countess or a queen!

With all his gallantry he could not help some spasms of chagrin; the keener, that, go where he would, Julia Girdwood seemed to go along with him. Her splendid face and figure appeared ever before him.

To what was he to attribute this indifference—it might be called ingratitude on her part.

Could it be explained by the promise exacted from him upon the cliff?

This might make it in some way excusable. He had since seen the girls only along with their maternal guardian—a dame of severe, indurated aspect. Had the secret to be kept from her? And was this the reason why they were preserving distance?

It was probable. He had some pleasure in thinking so; but more, when once or twice, he detected Julia's dark eyes strangely gazing upon him, and instantly withdrawn, as his became turned upon her.

"The play's the thing, wherewith to touch the conscience of the king."

The ball! It promised a clearing up of this little mystery, with perhaps some others.

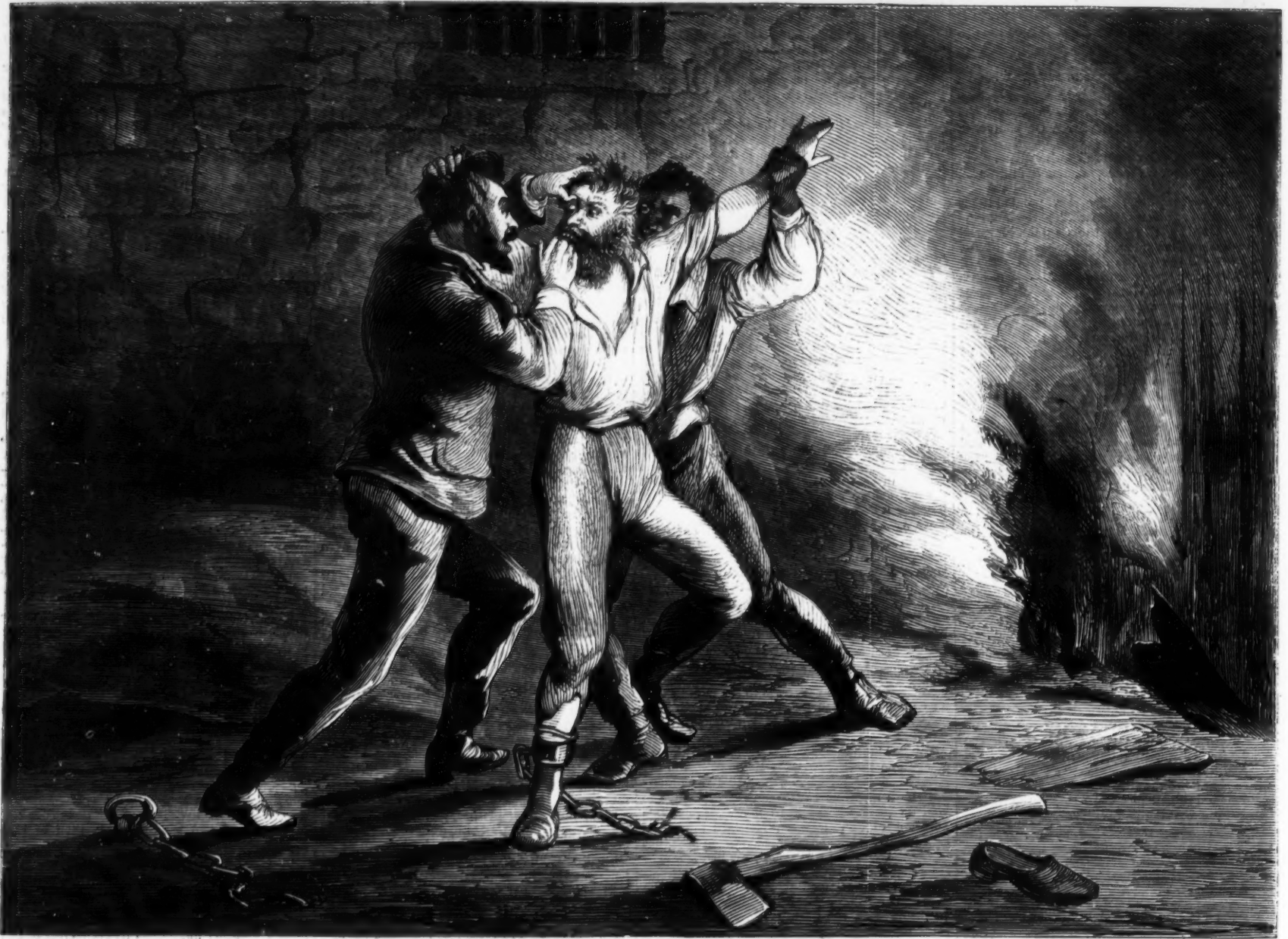
He would be sure to meet them there—mother, daughter, niece—all three? It would be strange if he could not introduce himself; but if not, he must trust to the stewards.

And to the ball he went; dressed with as much taste as the laws of fashion would allow—in those days liberal enough to permit of a white waistcoat.

With only an occasional interval—transient as the scintillation of a meteor—it has been black ever since!

(Continued on page 378.)





DESPERATE STRUGGLE WITH A VENTRIC AT POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 379.



A FEATURE OF THE FANCY DRESS BALL OF THE TEUTONIA MÄNNERCHOR, ON THE 13TH INST., AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 379.





BURNING OF THE LIVINGSTON CO. (N. Y.) POORHOUSE, ON THE 6TH INST.—TERRIBLE FATE OF INSANE WOMEN IN THE LUNATIC DEPARTMENT.—SEE PAGE 372.



## THE CHILD WIFE.

(Continued from page 375.)

The ball-room was declared open. Carriages were setting down by the piazza of the Ocean House, and silks rustling along the corridors of that most select of caravanserais.

From the grand dining-saloon, cleared for the occasion (and when cleared, making a dance-room worthy of Terpsichore herself), came those not very harmonious sounds that tell of the tuning of fiddles, and clearing out the throats of trombones.

The Girdwood party entered with considerable *clat*—the mother dressed like a grand-duchess, though without her diamonds. These blazed upon the brow of Julia, and sparkled on her snow-white bosom—for the set comprised a necklet with pendants.

She was otherwise splendidly attired; and in truth looked superb. The cousin of more modest grace, and means, though pretty, seemed as nothing beside her.

Mrs. Girdwood had made a mistake—in coming in too early. It is true there were fashionable people already in the room. But these were the "organizers" of the entertainment; who, backed by a sort of semi-official authority, had gathered in little groups over the floor, scanning across fans, or through eyeglasses, the dancers as they came in.

Through these the Girdwoods had to run the gauntlet—as they made their way to the upper end of the room.

They did so with success, though not without being aware of some supercilious glances, accompanied by whispered words, that if heard, might have somewhat disconcerted them.

It was the second Newport ball—"hops" count for nothing—at which Mrs. Girdwood and her girls had shown themselves.

The first had not given great satisfaction—more especially to Julia.

But there was a better prospect now. Mrs. Girdwood had entered, with a confidence based on the conversation she had just held with the distinguished *incognito*, Mr. Swinton.

She had seen this gentleman during the day: for as already known, he had not shut himself up in his room. She was sufficiently discerning to see that he was possessed of a fine face and figure. His air, too—of the most aristocratic kind! How could it be otherwise? She alone knew the reason—she and her daughter; to whom she had of course communicated the secret of her discovery. A bit of broken promise that need not be severely criticised.

She knew of my lord's late arrival—from Canada he had told her—though he had paid a flying visit to New York.

She hoped no one in the ball-room would recognize him—at least not till after she had paraded him with her own party, and could assume the seeming of his introducer.

She had still stronger reason for this. Storekeeper's widow, as she was, she possessed the true tact of the match-making mother. It belongs to no clime exclusively; no country. It can be as well acquired in New York, as in London, Vienna, or Paris. She was a believer in first impressions—with the "compromises" that often spring from them—and in this theory, with the view of putting it in practice—she had instructed her dear Julia, while dressing her for the ball.

The daughter had promised compliance. Who wouldn't with the prospect of earning twenty thousand dollars worth of diamonds?

## CHAPTER I.—A PREVIOUS ENGAGEMENT.

In all the gradations of the thermal line, is there any atmosphere more unbearable than that of a ball-room, before the dancing commences?

It is the very essence of discomfort. What a relief, when the baton of the conductor is seen elevated over his acolytes, and those strains, proverbially soothing to the savage, resound through the glittering saloon!

It was a relief to Mrs. Girdwood and her girls. They had begun to fancy themselves *too much observed*. At least Julia had; half suspecting herself of being the subject of a cynical criticism, which she did not think of attributing to her diamonds.

She was burning with an ill-repressed spleen; by no means diminished, as the sets commenced forming, and no one came forward to claim either herself or her cousin.

At that moment appeared a man whose presence changed the current of her thoughts. It was Maynard.

In spite of her mother's precautionary counsels, Miss Girdwood could not look upon this gentleman with indifference. To say nothing of what had passed between them, a glance satisfied her that there was no handsomer man in the room, or likely to come into it.

He was approaching from the entrance, apparently making his way toward the Girdwood group.

Julia wondered whether he was going to join them. She hoped that he would.

"I suppose I may dance with him, mother—that is if he ask me?"

"Not yet, my dear, not yet. Wait a little longer. His lordship—Mr. Swinton—may come in at any moment. You must have the first with him. I wonder why he's not here," pursued the impatient parent—for the tenth time raising her eye-glass and taking a survey of the saloon. "I suppose it's not fashionable for men of rank to come in early. No matter, Julia; you must reserve yourself till the last moment."

But the last moment had now arrived. The introductory piece had been played; and was succeeded by the hum of half-whispered voices, and the rustling of silk dresses—by that movement which precedes the taking of places—gentlemen gliding in short stages across the slippery floor,

formally bending in front of expanded skirts, and mincing out the well-known speech, "May I have the pleasure?" Then a momentary show of irresolution on the part of the lady; perhaps the consulting of a slip of card-board; an inclination of the head so slight as to be scarce observable; a rising to the feet, with the greatest apparent reluctance; and lastly the acceptance of the offered arm, as if conferring the supremest of favors!

Neither of the young ladies under Mrs. Girdwood's care had been yet called upon to take part in this pantomime. Certainly the stewards were not doing their duty. There were no finer looking girls in the room, and there were scores of gentlemen who would have been delighted to dance with them. Their standing neglected could be only an accidental oversight.

The storekeeper's widow began to find it disagreeable. She felt inclined to be less exacting about the description of partners. As there was no lord in sight, the ex-officer would not be much longer objected to.

"Does he intend coming at all?" she reflected, thinking of Swinton.

"Does he intend coming to us?" was the reflection of Julia, her thoughts dwelling upon Maynard.

Her eyes, too, were on him. He was still approaching, though slowly. He was hindered by the hurrying couples as they took position on the floor. But she could see that he was looking toward them—herself and cousin—where they stood.

He evidently approached with an air of indecision, his glance appearing to interrogate them.

It must have been met by one of encouragement; for his demeanor became suddenly changed, and stepping up to the two young ladies, he saluted them with a bow.

By both the salutation was returned, perhaps more cordially than he had been expecting.

Both appeared to be still unengaged. To which ought he to offer himself? He knew which he would have chosen; but there was a question of etiquette.

As it turned out, there was no question of choice.

"Julia, my dear!" said Mrs. Girdwood, presenting a very stylishly-dressed individual, who had just been given in charge to her by one of the stewards. "I hope you have not engaged yourself for the quadrille? I've promised you to this gentleman. Mr. Smithson, my daughter!"

Julia glanced at Smithson, and then looked as if she wished him far enough.

But she had not engaged herself, and was therefore compelled to accept.

Lest a second Mr. Smithson should be trotted up, Maynard hastened to secure Cornelia, and led her off to form "opposite couple."

Seemingly satisfied with the disposal thus made, Mrs. Girdwood retired to a seat.

Her contentment was of short continuance. She had scarce touched the cushion, when she saw coming toward her a gentleman of distinguished appearance, in straw kids. It was his lordship *incog*.

She started back to her feet, and glanced across the room toward the square that contained her girls. She looked interrogatively, then despairingly. It was too late. The quadrille had commenced. Mr. Smithson was doing "right and left" with her daughter. Confound Mr. Smithson!

"Aw, ma'am! How'd do, again? Bawl begun I pawsive; and I'm out out of the kadwille." "It is true, Mr. Swinton; you've come in a little late, sir."

"What a bawl! I presume yaw young ladies are disposed of?"

"Yes; they are dancing over yonder."

Mrs. Girdwood pointed them out. Adjusting his eyeglass, Mr. Swinton looked across the room. His eye wandered in search of Mrs. Girdwood's daughter. He did not think of the niece. And his inquiry was directed more to Julia's partner than herself.

A single look seemed to satisfy him. Mr. Smithson was not the man to make him uneasy.

"I hope, madam," he said, turning to the mother, "I hope Miss Girdwood has not filled up her card for the evening?"

"Oh, certainly not, sir!"

"Pewpaw for the next—I pawsive by the paw-gam a valz—pawpaw I might have the honor of valzing with her? May I bespeak yaw influence in my behalf; that is, if there be no previous engagement?"

"I know there is none. I can promise you that, sir; my daughter will no doubt be most happy to waltz with you."

"Thanks, madam! A thousand thanks!"

And, this point settled, the amiable nobleman continued to talk to the relief of the retail storekeeper with as much amiability as if she had been his equal in rank.

Mrs. Girdwood was delighted with him. How much superior this sprig of true British nobility to the upstart bloods of New York or Boston! Neither the Old Dominion, nor South Carolina itself, could produce such a charming creature! What a rare stroke of good fortune to have chanced so timeously across him! Blessings upon the head of that "Stoopid fellow, Fwank!" as his lordship had styled the little valet.

Frank was entitled to a present, which some day Mrs. Girdwood had mentally determined upon giving him.

Julia engaged for the next! Certainly not! Nor the next, nor the next. She should dance with him all night long if he desired it. And if it were to be so, how she would like to be released from that promise, and let all Newport know that Mr. Swinton was a lord!

So ran Mrs. Girdwood's thoughts—kept, of course, to herself.

In a quadrille, the opportunities of the *vis-à-vis* are only inferior to those of the partner. Maynard had improved his by engaging Julia Girdwood for the waltz! With this understanding they had separated upon the floor.

In less than ten minutes after a group might

have been observed on one side of the ball-room, consisting of two ladies and two gentlemen, who seemed to have some crooked question between them—a scene.

The ladies were Mrs. Girdwood and her daughter; the gentlemen, Messrs. Maynard and Swinton.

All four had just come together; the two last without exchanging speech, or bow, but exhibiting in the exchanged glances sufficient sign of mutual recognition—sign, too, of some old antipathy.

In the confusion of the moment, Mrs. Girdwood did not observe this. Her daughter did.

What was the trouble among them?

The conversation will explain it.

"Julia, my dear," it was Mrs. Girdwood who spoke, "I've engaged you for the first waltz—to Mr. Swinton here. Mr. Swinton—my daughter!"

The introduction had just ended, as Maynard, coming forward to claim his promised partner, formed the fourth corner in the quartette. The music was commencing.

The hostile "stare" exchanged between the two gentlemen lasted only for a second; when the young officer, recomposing his countenance, turned toward Miss Girdwood, at the same time offering his arm.

Yielding obedience to an authoritative look from her mother, the lady appeared to hesitate about accepting it.

"You will excuse my daughter, sir," said Mrs. Girdwood; "she is already engaged."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the ex-captain, looking grandly astonished at the mother, and turning to the daughter for an explanation.

"I think not, mamma?" answered Julia, with an air of indecision.

"But you have, my child! You know I had promised you to Mr. Swinton here—before the ball began. It is very awkward! I hope, sir, you will excuse her?"

The last speech was addressed to Maynard.

He glanced once more toward Julia. She seemed still undecided. But her look might be translated "Excuse me?"

So interpreting it, he said: "If it be Miss Girdwood's wish, I release her." Again he fixed his eyes upon her face, watching for the movement of her lips.

There was none!

Silence appeared to give consent. Forcefully the old adage came before Maynard's mind—so forcibly, that with a bow, which comprehended the trio, he turned upon his heel, and disappeared among the dancers!

In six seconds after Julia Girdwood was whirling around the room, her flushed cheek resting upon the shoulder of a man known to nobody, but whose dancing everybody admired!

"Who is the distinguished stranger?" was the inquiry on every lip. It was even put—flippantly of course—by the J's and the L's and the B's.

Mrs. Girdwood would have given a thousand dollars to have satisfied their curiosity—to have spited them with the knowledge, that her daughter was dancing with a lord!

## "My Murderer's Name Is—"

OR, THE WIFE'S REVENGE.

## PART SECOND.

## CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

As Setting-Sun entered the parlor, Langlade approached the grating, and pressing his large face against the bars, looked steadily at the woman. At first his look was frigid and full of hate, but gradually the expression changed to one of love and tenderness. The convict overrated his strength when he swore that he would murder Setting-Sun; he could never have summoned courage to do so. One look from her eyes would have restrained him.

He uttered not a word, but continued to stare at her; and she, expecting insults and reproaches, was terrified, fancying that he was meditating some sudden attack.

"You stand in great awe of me," he said, at last. "If I have been hasty, jealous and violent, it is all due to my love for you."

"Oh, yes, I understand the meaning of that phrase, 'I love you.' Men think it an excuse for everything, and fancy that the more they ill-treat and tyrannize over a woman the more grateful she should be. Violence, abuse, blows, are all so many proofs of love. Well, I for one would prefer a little less affection."

"Then, you have been very miserable since our marriage?" he asked, sadly.

"Very miserable—utterly wretched, since you must know; and this is the first time, thanks to these bars, that I can tell you the truth without fear."

"You can tell it to me now with impunity. Open your heart to me!" he said, in a resigned, almost entreating voice.

Any other woman would have been moved by his gentleness. There was something quite touching in the submission and resignation of this strong, energetic man. But for five years she had cherished a profound hatred for him, and vengeance was now in her hands, and she used her advantage unsparingly.

She opened her heart as Langlade had requested her to do; she laid bare its every wound; she threw into his teeth her every grievance; she returned to him in one-half hour all the insults which he had heaped upon her for years. In place of his blows she gave back words which cut him to the quick. The slave had thrown off the yoke, and had broken her chains.

He listened to her without an interruption, and when she had concluded, simply asked:

"Do you no longer love me?"

"I never loved; I only feared you!"

He bowed his head, and after a moment's silence inquired:

"If I break my chains, if I escape from the galleys, will you share my home?"

"Never!" she cried, energetically. "All is at an end between us. I will never live as I have lived. I wish my freedom."

Her language wounded the convict to the heart. "I have so much to say to you, but I cannot find words," he murmured.

"You may not know how to talk, but you know how to strike," she said, in a cruel voice.

"Yes, and I know how to suffer." His face was deadly pale, but he continued, gently: "You will not live with me if I escape from prison?"

"No," was the reply, in a decided tone—"no, this is our last meeting!"

"In a few days you will be set at liberty; will you then ask permission to visit me occasionally?"

"Never!"

"Remember that all my crimes have been committed for your sake. But for you I should never have been sent to the galleys, either the first or second time."

"I never asked you to love me," was the ungracious reply.

"If," he continued, gently—"if instead of being sent to the galleys, I was condemned to die on the scaffold for the murder of a man whose only crime was being your lover, would you come to bid me a last farewell?"

"No!"

"Wretch!" he cried, seizing the bars with both hands, and endeavoring to wrench them apart. His efforts were futile, and he then endeavored to accomplish the same object with his knees, his feet, his head and his teeth.

He uttered, meantime, savage yells, and his eyes were bloodshot and his mouth covered with foam.

Setting-Sun, at the moment of his explosion of rage, retreated to the uttermost recesses of the parlor. But when she found that the bars resisted the strength of the convict, she drew near to the grating.

"Oh, yes," she cried, jeeringly, "you would like to break them, would you not? You would enjoy murdering me, no doubt. But I am out of your reach for ever. I am no longer your dog! Do not fatigue yourself, my precious colossus; you see that even your strength and power have a limit!"

This cruel bravado, these burning sarcasms, far from rendering Langlade still more exasperated, appeared rather to restore his reason. He ceased his vain efforts, and folding his arms, bent on his wife a terrible glance.

"What!" he cried; "do you dare insult me?—you who would crouch like a dog at my feet if this grating were not between us! Is it for such a miserable, contemptible wretch as yourself that I am to return for a third time to the galleys, and will probably finally lose my life on the scaffold? Yet the man who now stands before you, a thief and an assassin, might have been an honest, truthful man, had you so willed it! Listen to me: you shall never escape me. I will yet crush you in person, as you have crushed me in soul! If I am sent to the galleys, I will escape; I will break my chains even though they bind me hand and foot; and if I am condemned to die on the scaffold, I will first leap from it to take your life!"

"Fool!" said Stephanie, shrugging her shoulders. "You speak of breaking your chains when you cannot even force these bars apart. Oh, you have deceived me completely. I thought you strong, and you have not even brute force in your favor."

This last outrage, this last stinging challenge, invested Langlade with superhuman power. He seized one of the bars with both hands, gave it a strong wrench, and it yielded to his supreme efforts.

Setting-Sun uttered one terrific scream.

Another wrench and he would be beside her.

Human strength has its limits; Langlade had passed through frequent and varied crises of emotion since the morning; his blood was boiling in his veins, and mounted to his brain; he staggered, loosed his hold of the iron bar, and fell heavily upon the floor.

## CHAPTER X.

WHILE this scene was taking place at the Conciergerie, Vibert went to the Palace of Justice, and requested an interview with M. Goubert. The first words of the judge on his entering the office were:

"Have you found the proofs? Is the guilt fastened upon Savari?"

"No, sir," replied Vibert, with a sigh; "the murderer is not Savari."

"What, when Madame Vidal and yourself were so sure of his guilt?"

"We were deceived."

"Then we are no further advanced in this matter than we were three months ago?"

"Pardon me, judge, I bring you the name of the murderer of Maurice Vidal. It is Langlade!"

"Langlade! This name is familiar to me! Is there not a convict so called, who escaped about three or four months ago from Brest, and for whom the authorities have been vainly in search?"

"The same, sir. His residence was discovered yesterday, and I arrested him this morning. He is now in the Conciergerie."

"What induces you to believe this man guilty of the murder of Maurice Vidal?"

Vibert related to the judge the details of the arrest of the convict, his own confessions and the admissions of Setting-Sun.

"Well," said M. Goubert, after hearing all, "we have at last discovered the assassin; thanks to your perspicacity."

"Alas, sir," replied Vibert, "let us not praise my perspicacity; it was entirely at fault. Chance alone has served us."

"Be it what it may, you must be delighted with the result?"

"I am not."

"Because you suspected Savari, and were de-



ceived. This is a mere question of wounded vanity."

"If it were but a question of wounded vanity I should only be too happy," sighed Vibert.

The judge turned to his clerk and asked for the written statement of the interrogatory to which Savari had been subjected in October. After looking it carefully through, he remarked that there could, of course, be no doubt as to the guilt of Langlade, but that there were so many weak points in Savari's statements that they would almost have warranted his being subjected to a trial.

"How do you account," he inquired of Vibert, "for those words, written in the blood of the victim, 'My murderer's name is—' if Langlade committed the crime? Maurice Vidal could never have known the convict."

"This point has already occurred to my mind," replied Vibert, "and I can only reconcile it in this wise: Before being sent to the galleys this man resided in Paris, and from his gigantic height and striking appearance he must have been observed wherever he went, particularly when accompanied by a woman of such singular beauty as his wife. In fact, he has been quite a character here for years; I remember that there was once a street song in his honor. It is not then surprising that he should have been pointed out to Maurice Vidal at some public place, and that he should have recognized him as his assassin, and have wished to hand him over to the officers of justice."

"Your explanation is natural, certainly," replied the judge.

"We can decide this matter in a moment, sir. Was any other person assassinated in the Rue de la Paix during the months of last October or November? You, and in fact every one, would have known it had there been another murder. Langlade is, therefore, guilty, and Savari is innocent. You will not hesitate to come to this conclusion after having questioned Langlade and his wife particularly, as Langlade himself may refuse to answer your questions."

"Why?"

"Because he is so lawless and self-willed."

CHAPTER XI.

WHAT has become of Julia Vidal and Savari while the exigencies of this narrative have obliged us to lose sight of them?

The day following the dinner at the Café Anglais, Savari called on Julia, but Marietta refused him admittance on the ground that her mistress was ill.

Savari next hastened to the Hotel des Princes; he wished to talk to Julia if he could not see her; but Count Rubini, who, up to this time, had been so cordial and friendly, was now distant and reserved. Day after day he continued to make an effort to see Julia, but without success, and finally the Count de Rubini's door was also closed upon him. Like a soul in purgatory, he wandered here and there, but generally his steps took the direction of the Rue de Grammont. One day he perceived Julia at the window, and encouraged and emboldened by the sight, he sprang up the stairs, rang the bell, pushed Marietta aside, and forced himself into the presence of the woman he loved.

This was the day after the arrest of Langlade and the visit of Vibert to Monsieur Goubert.

Madame Vidal would have reproached Savari for his temerity in thus obtruding himself upon her, but he seized her hands and burst forth in such a strain of passionate tenderness and entreaty, weeping like a child all the same time, that she scarcely knew how to reply.

His tone was new to her. Her husband had spoken to her in the language of love, but she now heard the voice of passionate devotion for the first time.

"If," continued Savari, "you did not care for me, why have you encouraged my visits all these months? What have I done, how sinned against you that you should turn from me now, when every thought, every feeling of my heart is yours? Julia, you have been cruelly unjust to me."

"I have been unjust to you," she murmured, gently.

She was sincere when she said this. Convinced at the outset of Savari's guilt, and yielding to the suggestions of Vibert, she had conceived that she was fulfilling a sacred duty in consenting to play a part against which her true and loyal nature revolted. But for some time past her convictions had been shaken, and she doubted Savari's guilt. Then came bitter humiliation for her deception, and a feeling that she had done him a cruel wrong.

Savari felt that pity was akin to love, and that an immense advantage was gained when Julia admitted that she had treated him with injustice.

"Treat me like a sick person," he begged, "for I am sick at heart, indeed; but through you, health and strength will come to me again."

Julia's position was difficult in the extreme. She was not sufficiently convinced of Savari's guilt to continue to plot against him as she had done with Vibert, but at the same time, she was not sure enough of his innocence to admit him to the intimacy he craved. Until every suspicion was dispelled, her heart must be closed against him.

"If," she said, taking courage as she reflected upon her painful position—"If you love me as you say you do, if you have any respect for me, do not, I pray you, seek my presence again."

"Julia! Julia!" he cried, with a tremulous voice, and with tearful, earnest eyes, "you break my heart. Tell me, at least, the cause of your coldness and severity toward me."

"Do not ask me," she rejoined, scarcely less excited than himself; "I can never tell you."

"My suffering is greater than I can bear," exclaimed Savari, sinking into a chair and burying his face in his hands.

A knock at the door, and Marietta entered and handed Julia a note, saying that it was brought by the clerk of Monsieur Goubert.

Julia broke the seal and read as follows:

"DEAR MADAME—It is my duty to inform you, at the earliest possible moment, that we have finally discovered the assassin of your husband. His name is Langlade, and he is an escaped convict. We have some positive proofs of his guilt that there is no question as to his having committed the murder. He has confessed his crime. All suspicions, therefore, against Monsieur Albert Savari are at an end, and after to-day there will be no surveillance over his actions."

"I have felt very deeply for you, madame, in all your trials and natural grief, and I am only too happy in being able to assure you that your husband will soon be avenged."

"Receive, madame, the assurances of my esteem and profound regard."

(Signed) Goubert.

She read this letter a second and third time, to be sure that she was not deceiving herself, she advanced to the mantel, threw it in the fire, and approached Savari, saying gently:

"I have caused you much suffering; forgive me, and never ask an explanation of my past conduct. I have been unjust, but I will repair my wrongs."

Hardly had she finished these words when she burst into a passionate flood of tears.

CHAPTER XII.

A SUPERB carriage, with crest and armorial bearing, drawn by vigorous Norman horses, drove up to the Hotel des Princes, and the liveried footman, at an order from the occupant, inquired if the Count de Rubini was at home.

On an affirmative answer, and the number of his parlor being given, the Marquis of X—hobbled out of the carriage, and leaning on the arm of his attendant, grumblingly ascended the stairs.

Vibert was sitting poking the fire as he entered, without waiting to be announced. He turned his head, uttered an exclamation of surprise, and rose hastily to meet his visitor, exclaiming:

"What! you, marquis! and here in my house?"

"What is there surprising in that? Are you not called Count de Rubini, and as a titled man, are you not one of our 'set'?" Come, get over your stupefaction, and set me a chair. Thanks; that will do," said the old gentleman, making himself comfortable.

"So you thought you could cut off my daily light-reading without my coming after you for the continuation of the story? For a month you sent me regularly for my breakfast eight closely-written pages, giving me all the details of this mysterious murder in the Rue de la Paix. You made me familiar with all the words and actions of the fair Julia, and that charming intriguer, Savari. Your last communication announced the grand poniard scene at the Café Anglais. I was on the tip-toe of excitement and anticipation, but no more papers. 'To be continued in our next' was but a decoy, and you were trifling with your constant reader."

"Oh, could you but know all, marquis," said Vibert, sadly.

"If I knew all I should not be at the trouble of asking you what has become of the characters of our story. I adore them all! Your Julia does not talk very much, which is in her favor, and she has nerves. Your Savari is a nice product of the corrupt society of the present day, but the fellow pleases me notwithstanding. Tell me all about them."

"Marquis, I have not seen either of them for more than a week!"

Then Vibert related to the marquis all that we know concerning Langlade and Setting-Sun, and this recital, far from interesting the peer of France, put him quite out of humor.

"Well," said he, when Vibert had finished speaking, "this is a pretty result! The assassin is a mere galley-slave—the story has become trashily commonplace. At first it promised originality; there was a pretty woman, a charming man, love in the horizon, and picturesque accessories; but now this romance is about to end tamely and vulgarly. Savari and Julia will return to their respective daily, small duties, and there will be only one more bungler in the galleys. But," he continued, turning sharply upon Vibert, "if your true assassin is arrested, if Savari's innocence is made clear, why are you wearing finer clothes than mine, and still living in this house as the Count de Rubini?"

Vibert was evidently disconcerted, but he replied:

"The fact is, marquis, I am only wearing out these clothes and staying out my month at the hotel!"

"Come, come, my poor little Vibert, find better reasons than these. Your clothes could well be sold, and these rooms are hired by the day! Tell me all your troubles—you have neither parents nor friends, except myself. I did not come here simply through curiosity; I feel a real interest in you. I will tell you, since you seem unwilling to inform me, why you continue to call yourself Count Rubini, to dress like a gentleman, and to reside here. It is because you feel that in returning to the Rue de l'Arbre-Sec, and becoming simple Vibert again, you widen the gulf which separates you from her. Am I right?"

"You are," said Vibert, quietly.

"You love her, then?"

"Love her?" cried Vibert. "Yes, I love her with all the ardor of a first passion. It is only since I met her that I understand what happiness, what life means. Ah, could you but know what suffering lies in the thought, There is the woman who could be everything to me; who realizes my fondest dreams of perfection; I see her, I hear her; she is beside me, yet I may never clasp her to my heart! I am not a man like other men; I seem but a kind of perfected monkey. The women of ancient Rome, who bathed before their slaves, would have had no hesitation to do so before me! No torment can equal mine. Tantalus himself was more to be envied than I!"

Vibert took a savage satisfaction in exposing all his wounds. He exaggerated his infirmities, his diminutive size, his deformities.

The marquis listened attentively. He seemed

to be warmed and rejuvenated by his intercourse with this spirit, so fresh, and fiery, and youthful. Besides, some mysterious bond of sympathy evidently existed between the fine gentleman, the millionaire, the peer of France, and the poor, stunted, little employé of the Prefecture. The marquis really suffered through the sufferings of his protégé.

He forgot his gout for the moment, took Vibert's arm, and walked up and down the room. He scarcely knew how to console his favorite, but attempted to do so by saying:

"At least, my poor fellow, you have the satisfaction of knowing that, although you do not possess Julia Vidal's affection, no living man is more fortunate; that her heart lies in her husband's grave, and is insensible to every one."

Vibert stopped suddenly, let fall the arm on which the marquis was resting, and exclaimed:

"You would probe my wound to the quick!"

"I!" exclaimed the marquis, in astonishment.

"What do you mean?"

"I fancied that you had divined my whole secret—that you knew that I was jealous—mad with jealousy."

"Of whom?"

"Of Savari, whom she is learning to love. He is so tall, so handsome, so stylish, so distinguished in appearance. Ah, this man can accomplish whatever he wills!"

"But she must hate this man, as she has regarded him as the assassin of her husband."

"Pardon me, marquis, but she knows at last that she has wronged him, and she will be more disposed now to do him justice."

"That may be so," replied the peer of France, "but you seem to forget that Madame Vidal is an honest-hearted woman; that she loved her husband fondly, and will long continue faithful to his memory."

"Wrong again, marquis. She never loved her husband. She married him because he was the first man who approached her with words of tenderness, and because he was approved by her family; but he never called out the depth of passionate affection which slumbered in her nature. Her anxiety to avenge his murder grew out of the exaltation peculiar to her country and her people."

"What do you propose doing? Shall you continue to see her?" inquired the marquis.

"To see her?—yes. To speak with her?—no. The apartment occupied by Madame Vidal communicates on the one side with her bed-room and ante-chamber, but to the right of the mantel in the drawing-room, and in front of her favorite seat on the sofa, is a door with a ground-glass window. This door is bolted securely both inside and outside. I pass by the concierge, who naturally supposes that I go direct to Madame's parlor, but instead of ascending the front, I go up the back staircase. I open a door, the key of which I secured long ago, and go into a little passage which leads to the door with the ground-glass window. I crouch in a corner, put my ear to the keyhole, and my eye to a clear spot in the glass, and I hear and see without being discovered, stopping my breathing almost, and pressing my hands tight upon my heart to still its loud beating."

"Poor fellow—poor boy," interrupted the marquis; "this is folly—madness."

"It is wisdom, marquis. I shall, after a time, accustom and harden myself to suffering."

"Vibert, have done with folly! You have fulfilled your mission: thanks to your acumen, the murderer of Maurice Vidal is discovered; return, therefore, to your former occupations, which you should not have abandoned."

"I could no longer return to them," said Vibert, sadly. "My thoughts and heart would not be in my work."

"Would you like to leave Paris and travel about the world? Speak the word, and you shall have ample means to do so."

"Thanks a thousand times, my generous benefactor. I have courage enough to suffer, but not sufficient strength of mind to leave her!"

"Go to the devil then?" cried the marquis, seizing his hat.

"It is a good advice, and I shall, doubtless, follow it," said Vibert, respectfully, as he accompanied his benefactor to the carriage.

How A FRENCH OFFICER MARRIES.—An officer in the French army finds it no very simple matter to get married. He has first to make a formal request of his colonel for permission. He certifies to the condition in life and moral standing of the bride-elect. The colonel sends the demand to the general commanding the department, who sends it to the general commanding the division. If the bride lives in another district, he writes to his fellow-officer of the division in which she does live. The demand then descends the scale from the division-general to the brigadier, who writes to a commandant de place, who consults a commissioner of police and a mayor; then the mayor and commissioner reply to the commandant de place, who replies to the general of the division, who sends his answer to his colonel. The demand then goes to a marshal, and if he does not exact any further information, he proposes to the Minister of War to ratify the permission; coming from the hands of the postman, the packet is unsealed by a clerk, who adds a stamp, a subordinate reads it, sends it to another clerk, who puts a number above and records the number on another sheet of paper, with an analysis of the affair; this sheet is then signed by a chief and sub-chief, then goes to a director, who sends it to the chef de bureau; he gives it to his deputy, then an orderly clerk re-enters the number of the packet, registers it, and sends it to another, who makes a report of the analysis. The three members of this last bureau then record the whole, the chief then signs it, submits it to the director, who submits it to the minister, who accepts or re-uses. If the bride and groom are still living when the arrangements are concluded, and think it worth while to get married for what little time they have to live, the marriage is consummated.

The term "raising a child" alludes to an ancient usage of laying a child, soon after it was born, on the ground. If, on inspection, the father commanded the infant to be raised, it was tantamount to an order that it should be saved. Hence the force of "to rear a child." If the parent retired without uttering a word, this was a sign to the assistants that it should not be raised, or reared; that is, it should be exposed. Till lately, in the Highlands, new-born babies were wont to be tossed twice through the smoke to counteract the spell of witches and evil spirits, and the fascinations of fairies, and an evil eye.

Desperate Struggle with a Maniac at the Poughkeepsie Almshouse, New York, during the Burning of the Building.

On the 7th inst., a little after midnight, the large frame building, used as an Almshouse in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., was discovered to be on fire. The old and dilapidated structure was rapidly destroyed by the flames, but the inmates were with considerable difficulty rescued. There were several lunatics in the department appropriated to that purpose, but they were easily removed till the last one was reached, a desperate, crazy Spaniard, who was known as "Polly."

George P. Wirt, the colored cook, and a man named David Moore, both of them knowing the fierce character of this maniac, cautiously approached the door of his cell, and, unbolting it, suddenly flung it open. Before they could enter, the Spaniard leaped forward and violently closed the door. By this time the flames had reached the maniac's room, and dense clouds of suffocating smoke were rolling in the corridor. Wirt, with commendable energy, procured an ax and forced open the door. The maniac, chained to the floor, glared at the intruder with fury, but Wirt boldly advanced, and swinging his ax, with one tremendous blow severed the chain. He then seized the Spaniard, who, under the combined influence of terror and delirium, grappled with him, and a desperate struggle ensued. At this crisis Moore rushed in to the assistance of his companion. While the three were battling together, the lunatic seized Moore's hand between his teeth, and tore the flesh like a mad dog; but he was finally overpowered and dragged from the room and from the burning building. Our engraving represents the struggle between the crazy Spaniard and his two rescuers.

Fancy Dress Ball of the Teutonia Maennerchor, on the 13th inst., at the Academy of Music, New York City.

The annual ball of the New York Teutonia Association came off at the Academy of Music, on Thursday evening, the 13th inst., and was an unusually brilliant affair. Indeed, it could scarcely have been otherwise, for our German citizens are by no means novices in the minutiae of ball-maquett. At about nine o'clock the first platoon of the jolliest assemblage imaginable entered the Academy, and lent an additional charm to the magnificent decorations glaring from every point and corner. A beautiful arcade at the rear of the stage attracted the particular attention of the company, and the effect was rendered more picturesque by the appearance of a cave immediately beneath, in which an elegant fountain spouted cologne-water during the entire entertainment. Festoons of flowers, wreaths of roses, and facetious transparencies were scattered about in liberal profusion. Shortly after ten o'clock, the grand masquerade process on took up its line of march, and we doubt if ever there were a more varied or ridiculous collection of human beings in this city.

The procession was led by the Floor Committee, dressed in white rocco costumes. The drum-corp were dressed as Japanese. The second section was led by four persons drawing an ornamental wagon containing Bacchus and Gambinus, followed by four liquor-dealers, dressed in barrels, carrying a large coffin, on which was inscribed "Excise Law," to the grave. A large iceberg, carried by four Polar bears, and capped by a smaller one, bore the following inscription, "Russian Ice to Cool Down the Congressional Majority!" This was followed by Johnson carrying the \$7,000,000 purchase money, with a full-blooded, gingerbread Yankee, bearing the "Deed of Alaska." Next came a caricature of the Paris Exhibition: Four French Zouaves bearing a throne, the Prince Imperial riding on the Gallic cock, followed by a number of characters representing the crowned heads of Europe; among others, the King of Bavaria with a lyre, and the King of Wurtemberg as a Slavian peasant, Chinese, Louis Napoleon laden with Mexican blunders, followed by two Jews, offering the Mexican bonds for sale. The Roman question was duly symbolized, and the procession was closed by Prince Carnival, drawn in a chariot by parrots, with a vast number of Columbinas, clowns and miscellaneous characters forming his retinue. The festivities were continued until an early hour on the morning following, the ball marking an era of success in the history of the association.

Burning of the Livingston County (N. Y.) Poor House, on the 6th inst.—Terrible Fate of Insane Women in the Lunatic Department.

At about three o'clock on the morning of the 6th inst. one of the buildings connected with the Poor House of Livingston County (N. Y.), took fire, and, being a wooden structure, was speedily destroyed. The building was occupied at the time by several insane women, four or five of whom, it is said, perished in the flames. The shrieks of the helpless creatures could be heard, as they struggled in their madness with the devouring element, unconscious perhaps of their terrible situation until aroused by agony to a realization of the awful calamity of which they were the victims. Our engraving represents the fearful scene of the poor maniacs surrounded by the flames.

THE Archduke Henri of Austria has married Mlle. Hoffman, an actress of the Gratz Theatre. The Emperor of Austria has conferred upon her the title of Countess of Bozen. The Archduke Henri, son of the Archduke Rénier, and cousin to the Emperor, is thirty-nine years of age. He holds the rank of lieutenant-field-marshal in the Austrian army, and is the "proprietor" of the 62d Regiment of Infantry.

A COURT lady, in Paris, the Countess de Bassanville, has published a book, telling people who go to Court how to walk, talk, and behave themselves. When the Emperor and Empress receive you, you are, when your name is called, to get up from the seat on which you have been sitting in an outer room, to go to the door of the saloon in which their Majesties are, and bow most profoundly; then, you take a few steps and bow again, equally profoundly; then you go up to their Majesties and bow once more, still more profoundly. Then you stand bolt upright, and wait respectfully until you are spoken to. You must say, "Yes or no, sire," if the Emperor speaks to you—"Yes or no, madame," if it be the Empress. You must not say, "Yes, your Majesty," or "No, your Majesty," for this is contrary to etiquette. You must always address the Emperor in the third person, thus: "Does his Majesty desire to permit me such a thing?" "Does his Majesty do me the honor to accord me?" &c. If you have any one to present, you must not say, "I have the honor to present to your Majesty," but "I have the honor to present to the Emperor." Finally, you are to get out of the august presence with the same number of bows as you got into it; and as you go backward, take care not to fall.





THE FUNERAL SOLEMNITIES OF HAY-YAH-TA-KEE.

#### Death of Hay-yah-ta-kee, in the City of New York.—Japanese Mourning Ceremonies over the Dead Body.

HAY-YAH-TA-KEE, the chief of the imperial troupe of Japanese acrobats, who recently astonished our citizens with their wonderful performances at the Academy of Music, died at his residence, No. 26 Bleecker street, on Saturday evening, February 8th, in the 51st year of his age. This being the first time a subject of the Japanese Government has died and been buried in this country, a description of the manner in which such occasions are solemnized in Japan will be of great interest to our readers.

Shortly before his death Hay-yah-ta-kee sent for the business manager of his troupe, and informed him that he was about to die, and entreated that he would see his wife and children were properly cared for. He gave directions about the transfer of his rank and effects to his brother, and requested that his body be interred in this city. He died without a struggle. The members of the family fell upon their knees, and with bowed heads, and clasped hands began to chant a characteristic death-song, while the servants prepared the body for the coffin. The remains were dressed in the finest robes of brocade silk, with a broad, stiff mantle folded across the chest, and were then placed in a neat rosewood coffin, with heavy silver mountings. The coffin was borne to a small chamber, and deposited in the centre of the room. At its head stood a Japanese table with two beautiful bronze stands containing wax candles burning brightly, and four saucers in which were rice, cake, water, and oranges. There were also two neat wooden tablets, bearing the name, age, rank, etc., of the deceased. At this point it may be interesting to note the religious belief of the Japanese, which, it will be seen, accords with that of other Oriental nations. They are taught that there is one God, and that He made the world. He is the embodiment of greatness and sublimity, and occupies a position too exalted for any being to approach to. No matter how sincere a person may have been in his devotions, or how excellently he may have fulfilled his mission on earth, he can never go to this mansion of awful grandeur.

They all have implicit faith in the doctrine of transmigration of souls, and the spirit is recognized as an essence everlasting in its character, and beyond the influence of all material substances. If a person has led an honorable life, at the decease of the body, the spirit remains within its tenement until the body is taken from the house for burial, which is usually four days after death. During this interval the spirit experiences all the discomforts of hunger, thirst, cold, and negligence, and, to satisfy the demands of these, food and drink are placed near the coffin, lights are kept brightly burning, while the relatives surround the remains and chant the favorite airs of the deceased, together with the appointed funeral songs. As soon as the body is taken from the house, the spirit enters upon a long, dark, and tedious journey to the native place of the deceased, and there awaits the birth of an infant, into

whose body it subsequently enters, and remains until death, when the transmigration is again repeated. The spirit of a disolute man passes through the same stations as that of the righteous, but, upon reaching its destination, is forced into the body of some animal whose savageness is qualified by the intensity of the spirit's wickedness while in its former body. The season of mourning continues for seven days after death, is resumed upon the fourteenth, and again upon every seventh day, until forty-two days have been observed, when a respite is taken until the seventh month, which is kept as a period of grief throughout, and it is then supposed the spirit of the departed has found another body and will receive necessary nourishment from its mother's breast. The funeral costume consists of a dark purple suit with a white scarf wound round the waist, and a piece of white muslin which covers the head and tapers to a point on the forehead. In Hay-yah-ta-kee's coffin were placed his entire wardrobe, a small bag containing food for his spirit's journey, an umbrella, a favorite walking-cane, a pocket-book, and a little gold watch which had been presented to him by some American friends. As soon as the remains were borne from the house, a servant burned upon the sidewalk a piece of paper bearing a brief record of their chief's life and services, as an evidence that his spirit had left them for its new abode. The remains were temporarily interred in Greenwood Cemetery, with appropriate services, and as the party sadly withdrew from the open grave, each one picked up a stone or lump of earth, and carried it away as a souvenir. The deceased was a Daimio, a man of rank and importance in his country, entitled to wear two swords, and invested with the peculiar privileges of Japanese nobility. He was also an author, and while in this country had written a work on George Washington, John T. Hoffman, and Commodore Perry, and a treatise on emigration, which he proposed to publish on his return to Japan.

robe, a small bag containing food for his spirit's journey, an umbrella, a favorite walking-cane, a pocket-book, and a little gold watch which had been presented to him by some American friends. As soon as the remains were borne from the house, a servant burned upon the sidewalk a piece of paper bearing a brief record of their chief's life and services, as an evidence that his spirit had left them for its new abode. The remains were temporarily interred in Greenwood Cemetery, with appropriate services, and as the party sadly withdrew from the open grave, each one picked up a stone or lump of earth, and carried it away as a souvenir. The deceased was a Daimio, a man of rank and importance in his country, entitled to wear two swords, and invested with the peculiar privileges of Japanese nobility. He was also an author, and while in this country had written a work on George Washington, John T. Hoffman, and Commodore Perry, and a treatise on emigration, which he proposed to publish on his return to Japan.

#### The Countess and the Chimney-Sweep.

THE last number of the *Petit Journal* contains the following:

The Countess de X—— was reading alone in her boudoir, when she was surprised by the sudden apparition of a little chimney-sweep, who had slipped down into the fire-place, and then stood up in the drawing-room, wonder-stricken at the elegance he saw around him, and showing two rows of pearly white teeth, which contrasted strangely with a face as black as a negro's. He had evidently mistaken the chimney-pot by which he had ascended to the roof.

The first moment of surprise being past, the lady was touched with compassion for this unfortunate child, and questioned him in words of kindness. The *patois* of the little sweep, who was only seven years old, was not easy to understand; but the countess, nevertheless, understood sufficient to learn from him that he had come all the way from Chamouni on foot, with a man who was not his father. His parents, he said, were dead, and he had never seen them. This was the first winter that he had ever come to Paris; he had learned his trade on the way, and his master beat him when he did not work well, but this was not often.

The lady was moved at the tale, and rang for her chambermaid, telling her to give the child something to eat and a five franc piece.

"The dirty little wretch!" said the maid, with a grimace.

"You are right," said the lady, "he is dirty; let us wash his face."

The maid saw that she must indulge this caprice of her mistress, and at once volunteered to take him to her room.

"Besides," she added, "I am curious to see what he will look like with a clean face."

When she returned the child was completely transformed; his mask of soot having disappeared, disclosed handsome and delicate features and a rosy countenance, while his cap no longer concealed his fine open forehead and hair, which last hung in clustering curls. The lady stooped down to kiss the child, but she instantaneously raised a loud scream and fainted away.

The Countess X—— had perceived a tuft of hair, perfectly white, above the forehead, and which separated the child's hair to the right and to the left like a natural parting. Her first husband had had a lock of hair exactly similar, and, if any doubts remained, the resemblance to him would have been sufficient to dispel them.

Madame de X—— was a widow when she married her present husband. She had had a child by her first marriage, born while she was traveling in Italy, and who was afterward conduced to a peasant's wife in Savoy to nurse. Her husband shortly afterward died, and a year later she became acquainted with the Count de X——, who made her an offer of marriage, which she accepted. She, however, learned by a conversation with M. de X——, that he would object to marry a widow with children, and resolved to keep secret the existence of her son, being sure of her husband's pardon when it should be known. A few weeks later she received a letter from the nurse, saying that the child was dead. The poor mother for a long time pined in secret, but at length time, the great consoler, gradually effaced the recollection of her grief.

The sequel remains to be told: The little sweep was really her son. The nurse's own child having died, the woman had kept her foster-child to bring up as her own, with the object of hiring the boy out to a sweep when he was old enough. The countess confessed the deception she had practiced to her husband, and received the pardon she had rightly counted on. As for the boy, he has now changed his dry bread and hard flows to a comfortable home and a fond mother's tenderness, and is fast forgetting his *patois*.

DEATH has been very busy during the past year in the theatrical profession. No less than 129 have had the curtain rung down upon their last act, and their lights put out. Some of the most prominent deceased in the list were: Ira Aldridge (colored), Avonia Jones Brookes, E. B. Buckley, Milly Cavendish, Mrs. Haydn Corri, Clara Denvil, Charles Lawcett, John Gregg, Sophie Gimber Kuhn, Rosalind Durand Lyster, Annie Senter, Alfred Mellon, Caroline Macready, Madam Persiani, Signor Perelli, Count Faboli, Virginia Shaw, Nellie St. Clair, Don. Scichell, Louise Clarkson Walz, Charles Kean and C. H. Thompson.

大和屋の跡

JAPANESE INSCRIPTION ON THE COFFIN PLATE OF HAY-YAH-TA-KEE.

cess of the body, the spirit remains within its tenement until the body is taken from the house for burial, which is usually four days after death. During this interval the spirit experiences all the discomforts of hunger, thirst, cold, and negligence, and, to satisfy the demands of these, food and drink are placed near the coffin, lights are kept brightly burning, while the relatives surround the remains and chant the favorite airs of the deceased, together with the appointed funeral songs. As soon as the body is taken from the house, the spirit enters upon a long, dark, and tedious journey to the native place of the deceased, and there awaits the birth of an infant, into



HAY-YAH-TA-KEE



HOME INCIDENTS, ACCIDENTS, &c.



A SLIPPERY DAY IN NEW YORK CITY.

HOME INCIDENTS, &c.

A Slippery Day in New York City.

The people of the city of New York have ceased to protest against the fearful condition of the public streets. They simply suffer; they endure, in mournful silence, in the consciousness that complaint is of no avail. Now and then, or rather let us say very often, a muttered imprecation upon the head of the street-cleaning contractor escapes the lips of some pedestrian, as his heels go up and his head comes in contact, not with the pavement, that has long since been invisible, but with the ice upon it; but formal and coherent

woman with astonishment and fear, and convulsing those present with merriment.

A Southern Desperado.

North-western Texas has for a long time been infested by an outlaw representing himself as Colonel

malignant smile, "Old man, you are of no account; you have outlived your usefulness; and presenting his revolver, fired, inflicting a fatal wound. The poor man fell to the ground, and his two daughters ran to his assistance, when Baker knocked one of them down and left her bleeding and senseless. He then went to

party of men has been organized to capture Baker and kill him on the spot.

Fatal Burning Fluid Explosion near Norwich, Conn.

A terrible explosion of burning fluid occurred several days ago, at the house of C. N. Chapman, Esq., near Norwich, Conn. The family were absent from the house at the time, but a boy and girl had been left in charge of the premises, besides whom there were present Dr. Erastus Leffingwell, a girl named Mary Murphy, about the same age as Mr. Chapman's girl, and a young man named Ross, who resides in the



AN ASTONISHED NEGRO WOMAN.

remonstrance has been abandoned in despair. The scene represented in our engraving is not one of imagination. It is real; as hundreds of sprained wrists and ankles, broken limbs and bruised bodies can attest.

An Astonished Negress.

A venerable colored lady in New Orleans, not to be behind her fair countrywomen, purchased during the Christmas holidays a piece of fireworks, under the impression that it was designed for an ornament for the hair, and wore it at a festive gathering. A mischievous boy, recognizing the pyrotechnic attributes of the head-dress, applied a match, when—phiz—pop—rickety bang—the woe concern exploded, almost paralyzing the



A SOUTHERN DESPERADO.

Baker, late of the Confederate army. His latest outrage was perpetrated in the vicinity of his father-in-law's residence, where he went to the house of an acquaintance and deliberately shot down two colored servants who came to the door. An old gentleman went out to remonstrate with him, when he said, with a

the fire-place, and remarking that the old house had stood long enough, took a shovelful of coals and threw them upon a bed. Another daughter pulled the bed-clothes off to extinguish the fire, when he drew a knife and cut her in the most horrible manner. The villain effected his escape from legal punishment, but a large



DANGER OF READING IN BED.

neighborhood. The children attempted to fill a fluid lamp while it was lighted, but Dr. Leffingwell remonstrating, blew it out and lit another. The boy set the can down on the table, and the girl who held the lighted lamp during the operation set it down near the spot of the can. An explosion immediately ensued, and the fluid scattered in all directions. Dr. Leffingwell sprang to the door, but so great was the pressure of the ignited gases that he was unable to open it. He then sprang through the window, taking the sash with him in his passage, and Mr. Ross went out after him. The children were rescued through the room-door, but had all their clothing burned off. The boy, although not much burned, became delirious, and it is feared that he inhaled the flames and is severely injured internally.



FATAL BURNING FLUID EXPLOSION NEAR NORWICH, CONN.



A MAN SHOT AND FROZEN TO DEATH.



### Danger of Reading in Bed.

The practice with many persons, and especially the rising generation, of reading after they have retired, has been indulged until it has become a confirmed habit, notwithstanding the many warnings of experience and age. Mrs. H. W. Smith, a widow lady residing in Lafayette, Indiana, was burned to death on the 4th inst., in consequence of her persistence in this habit. About three o'clock in the morning the servant girl was awakened out of a deep sleep by Mrs. Smith, who came and fell across the lounge on which she slept, with her night-clothes all in flames. The young woman at once jumped up, and seizing a bucket of water standing near, threw it upon Mrs. Smith and the lounge. The bed where the poor woman and the child slept was also in flames, and the room filled with a stifling smoke. Mrs. Smith was found to have been severely burned, more particularly about the stomach and breast, and died in about one hour's time. Upon preparing her for burial, there was not found a spot as big as a twenty-five cent piece but that had been burned almost to a crisp. It was supposed, from the position of the candle, that after reading, the deceased had placed the candle on the floor, where its blaze came in contact with the sheets and blankets on the bed.

### A Man Shot and Frozen in the Woods.

A sad accident happened several days ago at Fremont, Mo., resulting in the death of a young man of nineteen. He had been missing from his home for several days, and, after much search, his body was found frozen stiff, and but a few rods from his father's house. He was lying on his back, his left leg drawn up, the right, straight. He had taken off his coat from his neck, and folded it up, and placed it under his head. His cap and gloves were on. The gun with which he had been hunting lay on the ground, near the body. A letter was found, written by the deceased but a few moments prior to death, in which he said he was about shooting an owl, when he tripped over a stick, the gun flew out of his hands, and struck a tree with the lock and shot him. Directions were given for his burial, and a dying message recorded for his affianced.

### Adventure of a Lady of High Rank.

THE London Court Journal states that on the night Her Majesty's Theatre was burnt, a certain lady of high rank was at the Olympic Theatre. At the conclusion of the performance she returned home, accompanied only by a lady friend, the gentleman of the party preferring to walk. The brougham had scarcely proceeded as far as the Strand when all further progress in that direction was impeded, and on inquiry as to the cause it was announced that some houses on Carlton Terrace were burning. In that terrace was the lady's residence, and her thoughts in a moment flew off to the possible danger of her four children, the eldest not six years old. The determination of the agonizing mother was taken in an instant. Neither the aspect of the crowd nor the peril of approaching a burning house daunted her for a second. She left her carriage, her friend plucking refusing to desert her, and plunged into the crowd, entreating every one before her to let her pass. The crowd behaved admirably, and the titled lady declares that she can remember no instance of obstruction to her progress, or indeed of any hesitation to assist in furthering it. The confidence evinced in thus trusting themselves to those assembled there seems to have produced its own fulfillment; and these two women, whose bare heads, elegant dresses, and costly ornaments must have been in strange contrast to all around, not only were allowed to penetrate through that compact mass of people, but were very soon spared all labor of doing so. A group of young men, and apparently roughs, took upon themselves to become their escort. They headed them, shouting out, "Make way for ladies whose children are in danger!" and as the crowd at once gave place, the ladies had only to follow their chivalrous conductors in comparative ease. They were escorted safely, and as quickly as circumstances would permit, to the lady's own door, and with true manly feeling the escort would hardly let her wait to express her thanks, but hurried her to "run up and kiss the kids," and then hurried off to enjoy the sight in which they had been interrupted. The lady is said to be enthusiastic about "her roughs" of Friday night, but will not hear of their being designated by that term.

It is not generally known, we believe, that the story or history on which Shakespeare founded "Macbeth," mentions Lady Macbeth as the wife of Duncan. The Thane of Cawdor was a frequent visitor to the castle of Duncan; and as he was a brave soldier and a gallant and interesting gentleman for that time, she fell in love with him. After a long intrigue, she planned the murder of her lord, whom she had grown to hate; inspired Macbeth with her idea by appealing to his ambition and passion, and so urged him to the bloody deed, in which she assisted. Such a plot, however, would have been too much like "Hamlet," already written, and produced on the stage; and Shakespeare, therefore, who was more an artist than has ever been shown, altered the original story for the sake of variety and to suit his own purpose.

ANOTHER horrible scaffold scene has recently taken place in Prussia. Old Mrs. Hedwig Fiebig, about sixty years of age, and her son, a young man of twenty-eight, were beheaded by Gansper, the public executioner, for having murdered old Mr. Fiebig, the husband of the woman, and father of her son. She was more dead than alive with terror when she was told that her time had come. She refused to walk to the scaffold, and was carried thither. Her son was already present waiting his turn, after his mother would be dispatched. The executioner could not fasten her well to the block, owing to the shortness of her neck, and he drew the head too violently forward, causing her to utter horrible screams. Only the second blow severed her head from the trunk. The son, who had to be brought to before being fastened to the block still reeking with his mother's blood. But few persons were allowed to be present at the execution, and they describe it as horrible beyond expression.

PRINCE GORCHAKOFF, the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, a rich old widower, had a pretty niece with whom the Duke of Leuchtenberg, the nephew of the Czar, was madly in love. Fearful that the young couple might get married in spite of the inequality of their positions as members of the Russian aristocracy, the Czar suggested to the Minister that he had better marry his niece himself. This has been done, and the Duke is inconsolable.

CHARLES DICKENS'S favorite time for composition is said to be in the morning, when he writes till about one or two o'clock, then has his luncheon, and walks out for two hours, returns to dinner, and either goes out or spends the evening at his own fireside. Sometimes his method of labor is much more intense and unremitting. Of his delightful Christmas book, "The Chimes," the author says, in a letter to a friend, that he shut himself up for one month, close and tight over it. "All my affections and passions got twisted and knotted up in it, and I became as haggard as a murderer long before I wrote 'The End.' When I had done that, like 'The Man of Thebes,' who, having scratched his eyes out in a quick-set hedge, plunged into a bramblebush to scratch them in again, I fled to Venice to recover the composure I had disturbed." When his imagination begins to outline a new novel, with vague thoughts rise within him, he goes "wandering about at night into the strangest places," he says, "seeking rest and finding none."

### MY VALENTINE.

BEAUTIFUL one, with golden hair,  
Eyes of azure and queenly air,  
Face of angel and voice of dove,  
Rose of the bower of perfect love!  
This is the day, and this the hour,  
To open the gates of the magic bower.  
And to the arms that open wide  
Flutter and fall, and in your pride  
Yield to a love that is divine,  
And kiss the lips of your Valentine!  
And from the mountain to the sea,  
Diamond drops shall form for thee;  
And, as of old, from opening lip  
Gems of ruby and pearl shall slip,  
And I, as at thy feet I bend,  
Shall catch the pearls as they descend,  
Revel in bliss beneath the dart  
Cupid has fixed in my beating heart,  
And drink from the cup of beaded wine  
To the love of my life, my Valentine!  
Dear, and Darling, and Dove of mine,  
Star of Beauty! If at thy shrine,  
All who worship should kneel and pray:  
Shine in glory on us to-day—  
Flower of Life's felicity,  
Listen to none of them but me!  
Yield me only the tender sign;  
Kiss me, and call me Valentine!  
Lean on my arm, and on my heart;  
Never from such a nest depart.  
Tender and true, I am to you;  
Only to you, tender and true.  
Dear, and Darling, and Dove of mine,  
Queen of my heart, my Valentine!

### THE NOBLEMAN AND THE ACTRESS.

THE Princess Bacciochi, having recently dislocated a thigh-bone by an accident which happened near Paris, the newspapers have been chronicling some of the events of her stormy life, which would have torn and rent the heart of any ordinary woman into atoms. *Figaro* has republished the story of her young relative, who, having lost all for love, regretted it at the loss, but completed the ruin of his hopes by the most touching and melancholy suicide ever recorded in the annals of youthful folly. The young man was thoughtless and extravagant, deeply enamored of an actress belonging to the Vaudeville. He was in want of funds, and committed an unworthy deed to obtain them.

As wrong had been done to none but his own relative, he had thought to have escaped with impunity; but, alas! justice had already been informed of the breaking open of the strong box, and the subtraction of the diamonds, before the real author of the offense was even dreamt of. The actress who had been commissioned by the young man to dispose of the jewels had but that morning conveyed them to the pawn shop, and her name and identity being established at once, the rest became clear and easy to the police. The actress was seated in her boudoir when the agents arrived at her house; the young man was lying in Sybaritic voluptuousness at her feet upon the lion's skin he had himself brought home as trophy of his prowess from the African desert. He had just succeeded in quieting the scruples betrayed by the poor actress concerning the disposal of the diamonds, he had just been persuading her that they had been bestowed as a free gift by the fondest of kindest relations, who had no other help to bestow at that moment to free him from the difficulties into which he had fallen.

The lovers were devising all kinds of plans for the future. They were to fly to Italy, to sail for America. The exact direction they were to take was undetermined as yet, but the solitude of all events was decided upon. The dream was enchanting, and they were inhaling the last breath of that azure fluid more intoxicating than the strongest drug, when a struggle was heard at the door of the boudoir, a scuffling of feet, a few words uttered in a gruff voice, and presently a loud knock upon the panel, with the words, so awful to a French ear that they always seem like the summons of the headman on the morning of the execution:

"Open in the name of the law!"  
The door was locked; the actress started to her feet, but the young man rose slowly from his reclining posture on the lion's skin. It needed but to look at the ghastly expression of dismay which had overspread his features to have the truth revealed at once.

She knew the worst at a glance, and with a resolution and courage worthy of a heroine of the olden time, she seized the bottle she had prepared in case she had been destined to separation from her lover, and swallowed a draught of its contents without the slightest hesitation. As she sank backward on the sofa, the second summons was distinctly heard, louder and more peremptory than the first:

"Open in the name of the law!"  
The young man was bewildered and terrified at the result of his own folly and imprudence. He, too, felt not brave enough to face the consequences, and, perhaps scarcely conscious of the act, drained off what remained of the drug.

The third summons was followed by a tremendous crash, the bursting open of the door by the butt-ends of the guns of the guards, and the poor victims, already in the agonies of death, offered no resistance to the authorities they had seemed to defy. The actress lived for some hours, and it was from her lips that the tale was gathered. The young man died, without uttering a word, before the guard had withdrawn from the house.

It may not be generally known that there lives at Whiting Bay, Island of Arran, a centenarian who was a companion of Robert Burns. His name is Ebenezer Baillie; he is a native of Dalrymple, near Ayr. He was born 7th May, 1767, thus making him 100 years and ten months old. When a boy he was at school and slept in the same bed with the poet; his brother, a tailor, also made clothes for him, and the two amused themselves writing verses together. Ebenezer came to Arran 30 years ago as a weaver, but farmed a little, and in summer employed himself at the herring fishing. He worked at weaving till he was 90 years of age. For the last six years he has mostly been confined to bed, but the other week he was sufficiently well to sit on a chair and have his likeness taken by a photographer. His faculties, we are told, are all sound; and as he is intelligent and has a correct memory, he can talk freely of events which happened 90 years ago. He has a large and well-built head, has been a temperately living man, and, notwithstanding his great age, has the appearance of living for some years yet.

Don't undertake to kiss a furious woman; risk not a smack in a storm.

What is that of which there are only two in every year, yet one in every day, and two in every week? *Vowels.*

### FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

AN Irishman, addicted to telling queer stories, said he saw a man beheaded with his hands tied behind him, who directly picked up his head, and put it on his shoulders in the right place.

"Ha! ha!" said a bystander, "how could he pick up his head when his hands were tied behind him?"

"An' sure what a purty fool ye are," said Pat. "Couldn't he pick it up with his tattie?"

An old lady, when her pastor said to her "God has not deserted you in your old age," replied, "No, sir, I have a very good appetite still."

WHAT is the difference of a man being out of money and out of temper? When he is out of money he shows the least of it, and when he is out of temper he shows the most of it.

A SPENDTHRIFT had a fortune left him, and was advised by a friend to purchase a farm notorious for its neglected state and sterility.

"Why," said the spendthrift, "here is not a single passable road through the whole farm."

"That is the very reason I wish you to buy it," said the other; "it will take you so much the longer to run through it!"

WHY is a cat like a surgeon? Because they both mew-till late.

A GENIUS out West who wished to mark a half-dozen new shirts, marked the first "Jno. Jones," and the rest, "ditto."

WHY is the tolling of a bell like the prayer of a hypocrite? Because it's a solemn sound by a thoughtless tongue.

A YANKEE peddler drove up in front of a house, and seeing all hands and the cook staring through the windows, got off his cart, and the following dialogue took place with the man of the house:

Jonathan: "Has there been a funeral here lately?"  
Man of the house: "No; why?"  
Jonathan: "I saw there was one pane of glass that didn't have a head in it."

"MR. JONES, why do you wear that bad hat?"  
"Because, my dear sir, Mrs. Jones vows that she will not go out of the house until I get a new one."

In a collection for foreign missions at a church in Portland, Me., last Sabbath, were found four packages of horse-railroad tickets, and on the wrapper enclosing them the words, "Acts iii, 6." Reference was had to the text, and it was found to be, "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee."

SOME philosopher has remarked that every animal, when dressed in human apparel, resembles mankind strikingly in features. Put a frock, bonnet and spectacles on a pig and it looks like an old woman of eighty. Tie a few ribbons round a cat, put a fan in its paw, and a school m'as is represented. Dress a monkey in a frock coat, cut off his tail, trim his whiskers, and you have a city dandy.

WHY is love like a duck's foot? Because it often lies hidden in the breast.

SOME one speaking of a highly ornamented house, whose proprietor was not particularly hospitable, said:

"I like to see less gilding and more carving."  
"Did you pull my nose in earnest, sir?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"It is well you did, for I don't put up with jokes of that kind."

"PERSEVERE, persevere," said an old lady to her maid; "it's the only way you can accomplish great things."

One day eight apple dumplings were sent down-stairs, and they all disappeared.

"Sally, where are those dumplings?"  
"I managed to get through them, ma'am," replied Sally.

"Why, how on earth did you manage to get through so many dumplings?"  
"I persevered, ma'am."

WHEN is a coach not a coach? When it is turned into a stable-yard.

A PARISHAN beggar accosted a gentleman with—"I am poor, monsieur, but I am religious. I want but one of the saving virtues; I have Faith; I have Hope; it remains with you to give me Charity."

A YANKEE left his down-east village to visit Washington. On his return, he astonished his neighbors by telling them how very late people dined there, as at home twelve or eleven o'clock was the regular hour.

"What time," he was asked, "do the shopkeepers dine at Washington?"

"Not till two, sometimes three."  
"My, how late!" was the remark.  
"And the well-to-do folk?"  
"Oh, they don't dine till four and five."

"My, how late!"  
"And the Members of Congress?"  
"Well, I guess they don't dine till six."

"And the Senators?"  
"Oh, not till eight and nine."  
"My, how late!"  
"And the President—what time does he dine?"  
"Oh, he don't dine till next day!"

A PERSON was boasting that he had sprung from a high family.

"Yes," said a bystander, "I have seen some of the same family so high that their feet could not touch the ground!"

"My dear Horatio, I had a very mysterious dream about you."

"What was it, dear?"  
"I dreamed I saw you carried up to heaven in a golden chariot, surrounded by angels clothed in white and purple. What is that a sign of, dear?"  
"It is the sign of a disordered stomach, my dear."

"BOBBY, why don't your mother sew up your trousers?"  
"Cause she's at the vestry, sewing for the heathens."

A CLOSE observer of ladies says, when he sees kisses between women, it reminds him of two handsome unmatched gloves—charming things with their proper mate, but good for nothing that way.

A LADY who had two children sick with measles, wrote to a friend for the best remedy. The friend had just received a note from another lady, inquiring the way to pickle cucumbers. In the confusion the lady who inquired about the pickles received the remedy for the measles, and the anxious mother of the sick children with horror read the following:

"Scald them three or four times in hot vinegar and sprinkle with salt, and in a very few days they will be cured."

A YOUNG woman and her picture are often exactly alike in one thing, if no other—both are painted.

WHY is a doll like jelly? Because it is made with eyes in glass.

WHY is a man ascending Vesuvius like an Irishman trying to kiss a pretty girl? Because he wants to get at the crater's mouth.

FORTUNES made in no time are like shirts made in no time—it's ten to one if they long hang together.

In what case is it absolutely impossible to be slow and sure? In the case of a watch.

Female Complaints should be cured, as they surely can be, by a few doses of AYER'S SASSAPARILLA.

### THE BARNUM & VAN AMBURGH MUSEUM AND MENAGERIE CO.,

Broadway, Bet. Spring and Prince Sts.  
Open from Sunrise till 10 P. M.

Second Week of Watts Phillips, Esq.'s successful Sensation Drama of  
NOBODY'S SON.

Every Afternoon and Evening at 2½ and 7½ P. M.  
BOHEMIAN GLASS BLOWERS.  
RARE WILD ANIMALS.

Living Giraffe, White or Polar Bear, Pair of Bactrian Camels, Young Gnu or Horned Horse, Pair of African Hyenas, Porcupines, etc.

FOUR BABY LIONS.  
Tom Thumb Elephant, Hannibal, Jr.; Infant Female Esau, Beautiful Tropical Fish, Circassian Girl, Zaluma, Agra and Zobeide Luti, Fat Lady, Giantess, Dwarf, Living Skeleton, Fat Baby, Sea Leopards, etc.

VAN AMBURGH & CO.'S  
IMMENSE MENAGERIE.  
Admission to the Whole, 30 Cents. Children under ten, 15 Cents.

In active preparation, an entirely new Sensation drama by the distinguished young American author, G. Maeder, Esq.

### Just Out,

THE STRANGER IN THE TROPICS: A GUIDE-BOOK FOR TRAVELERS IN CUBA, PUERTO-RICO AND ST. THOMAS; with Suggestions to Invalids (By a Physician), and Hints for Tours. One Vol. 8vo. ILLUSTRATED. Price, in cloth, \$1.50.

Should be read by every person with weak lungs or disordered nervous system.

Will be sent by mail, free, on receipt of price.  
FRANK LESLIE,  
ILLUSTRATOR AMERICANA,  
No. 537 Pearl Street, New York.

### Every Man His Own Printer.

With one of our presses, and the material accompanying it, every man can do his own printing, thus saving much time and expense. Circulars containing full information about these Presses, prices, recommendations, etc., mailed free on application. Specimen books of types, cuts, borders, etc., etc., 10 cents.

DAVID WATSON, Agent, Adams Press Co.,  
26 Courtlandt street, New York.

### Buckley's Banjo Guide.

Containing Elementary Principles; New Easy and Progressive Exercises, Songs, Dances and Melodies. Prepared by Mr. JAMES BUCKLEY, who has had twenty-six years' experience as a teacher and player, and will be found to be superior to all former publications of its class. It contains over one hundred of the very best pieces of music for the Banjo. Price 75 cents. OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston; CHAS. H. DITSON & CO., 711 Broadway, New York.

\$10 A Day for all. Stencil Tool Samples free. Address A. J. FULLAM, Springfield, Vt. 648-51.

### A New Patented Compass Watch.

Handsome Case, Magnetic Steel and Metal Works, Enamelled Dial, Glass Crystal, Unique Design. Warranted to keep correct time, or money refunded. Sent by mail for \$3. L. MORRIS, 182 Christie St., N. Y.

### Psychomancy; or, Soul Charming.

How either sex may fascinate and gain the affections of any one they choose instantly; also secure prosperity in love, or business. Every one can acquire this singular power. This queer, exciting book has been published by us ten years, the sale of which has been enormous, and is the only book of the kind published in the English language. Sent by mail for 25 cents; or five for \$1; together with a Guide to the Unmarried. Address T. WILLIAM & CO., Book Publishers, Philadelphia.

### A CLOTH ALL DRIPPING WET WITH PAINT

Drives inflammation out,  
Brings back the smile to laughing eyes  
And scatters every doubt.  
PAIN PAINT is trump, we bet our pile,  
For all who look can see  
That false reliefs are sinking fast,  
Soon dead as dead can be.

The poor or rich can buy PAIN PAINT,  
'Tis sold at every store,  
Twenty-five cents and fifty, too,  
Dollar bottles holding more.  
Five dollar bottles take the run,  
You save three dollars sure;  
They hold a pint, worth more than gold,  
OF WOLCOTT'S PAIN PAINT pure.

All pills and physic out of style,  
I hear the people cry:  
But give us PAIN PAINT'S cooling touch  
When fever rages high.  
All rheumatism leaves, my boys,  
PAIN PAINT is tested free  
In Chatham square, New York, my lads,  
One Hundred Seventy.

Just Published. May be ordered by Post.

ORATORY—SACRED AND SECULAR; OR, THE EXTEMPORANEOUS SPEAKER. Including a Chairman's Guide. By WM. PITTENGER. Introduction by the Hon. JOHN A. BINGHAM. Rules and Methods of Practice, by which Readiness in the Expression of Thought may be acquired, and an acceptable style both in composition and gesture obtained. One handsome 12mo. vol. of 220 pages, tinted paper, beveled boards. Price \$1.50. S. R. WELLS, Publisher, No. 399 Broadway, New York.

This is believed to be one of the most instructive and practical works yet published. 648-49

### The Great Discovery!—\$4 from 50 cts.

Samples, particulars, etc., sent free by mail for 50 cts., which will yield a net profit of over \$4. They are everywhere needed, and sell at sight. Agents wanted. Address MARTIN & CO., Hindsale, N. H.

A GREAT OFFER.—HORACE WATERS & CO., 481 Broadway, will dispose of 100 Pianos, Melodeons and Organs, of six first-class makers, at bargain for cash, or will take one-fifth cash and the balance in monthly installments or for rent, and rent money applied if purchased.

### FRANK LESLIE'S



With No. 129 is given away a magnificent picture, 22 by 28, entitled STOP THIEF; OR, THE MONKEY'S GRIP. For sale by all Booksellers.



## Gettysburg Asylum.

THE GRAND POPULAR MOVEMENT TO ERECT  
AN ASYLUM FOR INVALID SOLDIERS  
UPON THE BATTLE-FIELD OF  
**GETTYSBURG.**

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Association has the honor to announce that its thanks are sincerely tendered to the press and the public for the generous endorsements and kind assistance which the enterprise has thus far received; and with every confidence in the complete success of the undertaking, an earnest appeal is made to the people to continue the good work with increased energy, until the 24th of this month, when it is firmly believed the necessary funds will be raised to erect the Asylum.

Tickets \$1 each, or ten for \$9. They can be obtained at almost any store in this and adjoining cities, or will be sent by mail on receipt of the price. Lists describing presents mailed free on application. Address

Gettysburg Asylum Association,  
546 BROADWAY.

### Notices of the First Festival.

From the New York Herald.

### GETTYSBURG ASYLUM FUND CONCERT.

Last evening a concert in aid of the Gettysburg Asylum for Invalid Soldiers took place at Irving Hall. Setting aside the attractive features of the programme, the object of the Concert itself was quite sufficient to elicit a generous response, and long before the hour announced for the "opening march" the spacious building was densely crowded in every part. Indeed, seldom has Irving Hall presented such an appearance, for shortly after eight o'clock standing room was an impossibility—a fact which speaks volumes for the Gettysburg Asylum Fund. Among other things, Miss Brainerd sang a few appropriate songs, which evoked hearty encores, with which, in every instance, she considerably complied; and the well-filled orchestra was quite as full in the rendering of a grand national melody, which gained a good round of deserved applause. At the conclusion of the first portion of the programme, Major James Haggerty came forward and delivered a lengthened address on behalf of the object of the proposed asylum for the Gettysburg soldiers. Personally, he was not identified with the matter, more than to advocate the cause of the brave heroes who died in defense of their country's rights. He alluded in glowing terms to the brilliant deeds of the gallant warriors of Gettysburg, and passed a very high eulogium on the recent editorial in the Herald for its kind and liberal recognition of their merit, and its warm advocacy in their behalf. Moreover, he was exceedingly gratified to observe that the article from the Herald had been widely copied by prominent journals throughout the country, which he was assured would have the usual beneficial effect. Adverting to the American navy and the architecture of ships in this country generally, he alluded to the Henrietta as an example for all nations to follow, characterizing it as the acme of perfection, and a model for the world. He was sure that though the government had hitherto passed over the very praiseworthy object of the Gettysburg Asylum Fund no doubt through pressure of business, it would, nevertheless, meet with its deserved consideration and support. Major Haggerty retired amid loud applause, and the second portion of the programme was then proceeded with. The orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Theodore Thomas, played some pleasing selections from Rossini, Strauss and Verdi. "L'Eclair" was charmingly rendered by Miss Brainerd, and a determined encore had the effect of evoking the humorous "Barney O'Hea," which was greeted with loud tokens of approbation. The concert was subsequently brought to a close by a grand selection from "Il Trovatore," comprising the most popular airs from that favorite opera. Altogether the worthy undertaking was a decided success, whether in reference to the performances of the artists, or in point of attendance, the latter having far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of its generous promoters.

From the New York Daily Times.

The grand musical festival in aid of the Gettysburg Asylum for Invalid Soldiers came off as advertised, last evening, at Irving Hall. The occasion drew together one of the largest audiences ever seen at Irving Hall, and so many persons applied for admission that at 8 o'clock there was no standing room for the hundreds who arrived after that hour. The musical programme was under the direction of Theodore Thomas, assisted by his celebrated orchestra, Miss Brainerd, the distinguished vocalist, and Mr. G. Matzka, pianist. The performance was an excellent one, and the several pieces were repeatedly applauded by the enthusiastic audience present. After the overture, Mr. Benjamin W. Hitchcock, manager for the Gettysburg Asylum Association, came forward and addressed the audience. He began by thanking them for their presence, and explained that the movement now inaugurated was a national one, and did not operate for the benefit of individuals. The people had erected a monument to honor the memory of the dead who laid down their lives on the field of Gettysburg, and now it was proposed to create an asylum for the reception of those veterans who suffered mutilation or such severe wounds that they were incapable of supporting themselves. He urged those present to keep the work alive, and enable the managers to erect an asylum that may be an honor to the nation and a benefit to the soldier.

Major James Haggerty was next introduced, and made a stirring speech in behalf of the wounded soldiers, and said that as they had braved the perils of the battlefield for the safety of the country, they now deserve to have a proper asylum for the remainder of their lives, instead of being compelled to grind out organ music at street corners for the stray pennies dropped in their hat. He was not ashamed to speak in favor of the Gettysburg Asylum Association, and he had attended the concert because he had added his mite to the funds gathering in the hands of the managers. Both speeches were well received, and the audience appeared to be in the best of humor when the concert closed.

## Now is the Time to Get up Clubs.

### Elegant Inducements:

Mr. Leslie has recently imported from Italy a quantity of admirable pictures in oil, on canvas, of great merit, and such as from their size and remarkable finish could not be purchased for less than from seventy-five to three hundred dollars each, which he proposes to give to subscribers on the terms stated below. These beautiful pictures in any saloon or parlor would not suffer by comparison with the finest oil paintings. The subjects are as follows:

I.—"THE GUITAR PLAYER," by Giuliano; full of character, and rich in color. Size, 10 by 12½ inches.

"A charming picture of Spanish life, spiritedly drawn, full of character, and effectively colored."—*Watson's Art Journal.*

II.—"THE PROMISED BRIDE," a beautiful view on Lake Maggiore, with the Bridal Party in the foreground. Size, 8½ by 13½ inches.

"Original pictures of the size and merit of these would cost from \$75 to \$100."—*Watson's Art Journal.*

III.—"BREAD AND TEARS; OR, THE LACE-MAKER." An elaborate and highly-finished interior. Size, 18½ by 21½ inches.

"It is really finely treated—a scene of real life so touching that its sentiment will be appreciated by every one. An original picture such as this would bring \$300."—*Watson's Art Journal.*

IV.—"THE FALCONER AND HIS BRIDE," by Cremona; a magnificent picture, 21 by 28 inches.

"Drawn with great freedom and boldness, and richly and harmoniously colored. The charming female figure in this picture will be universally admired. Five hundred dollars would hardly purchase an original picture of this class."—*Watson's Art Journal.*

"I must express my surprise and gratification at their artistic excellence.—Col. T. B. Thorpe, Author of the 'Bee Hunter'."

"In execution and general effect these works are among the best specimens we have seen."—*New York Times.*

### Conditions on which the Pictures may be obtained.

I.—Any one sending to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl Street, New York, three subscriptions to FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S MAGAZINE, \$3 50; the CHIMNEY CORNER, \$4; or the ILLUSTRATED PAPER, \$4; or one subscription to all three, will be entitled, in addition to the three Periodicals, to one of the fine Oil-Pictures, I. or II. "THE GUITAR PLAYER," or "THE PROMISED BRIDE," at his option.

II.—Any one sending to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl Street, New York, five subscriptions as above to any one of the Publications, or five in all, some to one, some to another, will be entitled to a copy of the elegant Picture in Oil, No. III., "BREAD AND TEARS."

III.—Any one sending to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl Street, New York, ten subscriptions as above, will receive a copy of Picture No. IV., the highly-finished and brilliant "FALCONER AND HIS BRIDE."

Where several unite to form a club, they may decide by lot on the owner of the picture.

Where any one by his own exertions gets up a club, he may fairly retain the picture.

To facilitate efforts to get up clubs, we will send the picture, "BREAD AND TEARS," to any one engaged in getting up a club of five for the LADY'S MAGAZINE or the papers, on his forwarding to us the amount of three subscriptions; then the five copies ordered will be sent as soon as the balance is received.

To any one sending five subscriptions, and so requesting, we will in like manner send "THE FALCONER AND HIS BRIDE," and on receipt of the remaining five subscriptions, will commence sending the Magazine or the papers ordered.

Persons not wishing the pictures can obtain the Publications at the usual rates.

## FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY.

Given away, with No. 52, Title and Index to Vol. 2; with No. 54, the Beautiful Engraving, AGAINST HIS WILL; with No. 68, an Illustrated CHECKER BOARD, for Chess and Draughts.

16 Pages and 20 Engravings, for 5 Cents!

FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY is published every Wednesday, and sold by all Newsdealers. Price 5 Cents a copy; or, 1 copy for six months, \$1.25; 1 copy a year, \$2.50; 3 copies a year, \$6.50; 5 copies a year, \$10.

### TERMS TO CLUBS.

The getter-up of a Club of four yearly subscribers (Ten Dollars, sent at one time), will receive either of the beautiful Oil Paintings named below, which have been imported from Italy by Mr. Leslie:

1. THE GUITAR PLAYER, by Giuliano; full of character, and rich in color. Size, 10 by 12½ inches.

2. THE PROMISED BRIDE; a beautiful view on Lake Maggiore, with the Bridal Party in the foreground. Size, 8½ by 13½ inches.

The getter-up of a Club of two yearly subscribers (Five Dollars, sent at one time) will receive a box of Crandall's Improved BUILDING BLOCKS FOR CHILDREN.

A yearly subscriber (Two Dollars and a Half, sent at one time) will receive our COMIC ALMANAC for 1868, containing over 60 Engravings.

Monthly Parts, Price 20 Cents.

As the Boys' and Girls' Weekly is stereotyped, all back numbers can be had. Send subscriptions to

FRANK LESLIE,  
537 Pearl Street, New York.

## DEGRAAF & TAYLOR,

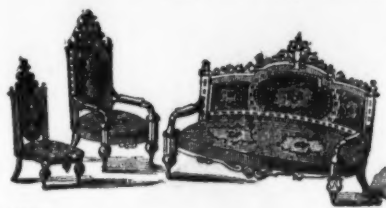
87 and 89 Bowery, 65 Chrystie and 130 and 132 Hester Street, New York,

Still continue to keep the largest stock of Parlor, Dining and Bedroom Furniture, of any house in the United States, which they offer to the Wholesale and Retail trade at a discount of twenty per cent. from old prices.

Also,

**BEDDING AND SPRING BEDS,**

A GREAT VARIETY.



623-35

ESTABLISHED 1861.

THE

## Great American Tea Company

HAVE JUST RECEIVED

**TWO FULL CARGOES**

OF THE

**FINEST NEW CROP TEAS.**

22,000 HALF CHESTS BY SHIP GOLDEN STATE.

12,000 HALF CHESTS BY SHIP GEORGE SHOTTON.

In addition to these large cargoes of Black and Japan Teas, the Company are constantly receiving large invoices of the finest quality of Green Teas from the Moyune districts of China, which are unrivaled for fineness and delicacy of flavor, which we are selling at the following prices:

OOLONG (Black), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., best \$1 per lb.  
MIXED (Green and Black), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., best \$1 per lb.  
ENGLISH BREAKFAST, 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., \$1, \$1.10, best \$1.20 per lb.  
IMPERIAL (Green), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., \$1, \$1.10, best \$1.25 per lb.  
YOUNG HYSON (Green), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., \$1, \$1.10, best \$1.25 per lb.  
UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c., \$1, \$1.10, best \$1.25 per lb.  
GUNPOWDER, \$1.25, best \$1.50 per lb.

### Coffees Roasted and Ground Daily.

Ground Coffee, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 50c. to \$1 per pound by purchasing their Teas of the

### GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.

Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY STREET.

Post-Office Box No. 5,643, New York City.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a Club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join a Club say how much Tea or Coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds and amounts plainly on a list, and when the Club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the Club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by Drafts on New York, by Post-Office Money Orders, or by Express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or if the amount ordered exceed \$30, we will, if desired, send the goods by Express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than \$30.

N. B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by clubbing together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are bogus or imitations. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

Post-office orders and drafts make payable to the order of "The Great American Tea Company." Direct letters and orders to the

## Great American Tea Company,

Nos. 31 & 33 VESEY STREET.

Post-Office Box 5,643, New York City.

C. E. COLLINS & CO. Removed from 42 to 87 Nassau St., Opposite the Post-Office.

## Superior Imitation Gold Hunting Watches.

THE OROIDE WATCH FACTORY.



OROIDE CASES, a newly discovered composition, known only to ourselves, precisely like gold in appearance, keeping its color as long as worn, and as well finished as the best gold ones. These watches are in hunting cases made at our own Factory, from the best materials, of the latest and most approved styles, are jeweled, and well-finished, with a view to the best results in regard to wear and time. For appearance, durability, and time, they have never been equaled by watches costing five times as much. Each one warranted by special certificate to keep accurate time. Price \$15. Gentlemen's and Ladies' sizes. For this small sum any one can have an excellent watch, equal in appearance, and as good for time, as a gold one costing \$150. Also, Oroide Chains, as well made as those of gold, from \$2 to \$6. Goods sent to any part of the United States by express. Money need not be sent with the order, as the bills can be paid when the goods are delivered by the express. Customers must pay ALL the express charges.

### C. E. COLLINS & CO.,

37 Nassau Street, Opposite the Post-Office, New York (up stairs).

### 87 Something New. 68

For Agents and Dealers to sell, 20 Novel and Useful Articles; profits large. Send stamp for circular.

R. W. RICE & CO., 83 Nassau street, N. Y.

## RUPTURES CURED

By DR. SHERMAN. Office 697 Broadway. Call or send with two three cent stamps for an illustrated circular of persons cured.

THE GREATEST WONDER AND MIRACLE OF THE AGE. Sent, postage paid, for 25 cents. Address W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, N. Y. Agents supplied at \$2.00 per dozen. 643-55

The Book of Wonders tells how to make all kinds of Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, Cosmetics, Candies, Wines, Cordials, Soaps, Dyes and hundreds of other articles in daily demand. Easily made and sold at large profits. Sent postpaid for 25 cents, by O. A. ROORBACH, No. 122 Nassau street, N. Y.

The Egyptian Mystery.—Wonderful and curious. Sent on receipt of 25 cents, by O. A. ROORBACH, 122 Nassau street, New York. 638-41

BRIGGS' CURATIVE FOR CORNS, Bunions, Ingrowing Nails, Frosted Feet, &c., surpasses all other remedies. No more pain from Corns; no more sleepless nights from Bunions; no more limping from Ingrowing Nails. Briggs' Curative does not eat or burn, but soothes, softens and heals all pedal ailments. Sold by Druggists and sent by mail, 50c. and \$1.00. DR. J. BRIGGS & CO., 208 Broadway, New York. 645-58

### This is no Humbug!

By sending 30 cents and stamp, with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive, by return mail, a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address MINNIE CLIPTON, P. O. Drawer No. 38, Fultonville, N. Y. 639-51

### AGENTS WANTED

To sell Engravings and Prints; also Stationery Goods and Silver Watches. \$30 invested will realize \$100. Address HASKINS & CO., 36 Beekman St., N. Y. 638-41

Winter Evening Amusements.—Parlor Fireworks, 25 cents. Magic Cigar-Lighters, 25 cents. Parlor Lightning, 25 cents. The Oriental Mystery, 25 cents. The Parlor Pistol, 65 cents. Chinese Parlor Signs, 25 cents. Explosive Spiders, 25 cents. Magic Cards, 30 cents. The Magic Die, \$1.00; and games of all kinds. Send orders to O. A. ROORBACH, 122 Nassau street, N. Y. 638-41

### Royal Havana Lottery.

In Drawing of November 12, 1867,  
No. 2922..... drew..... \$100,000  
No. 17520..... "..... 20,000  
No. 13295..... "..... 20,000  
No. 7830..... "..... 10,000  
No. 17677..... "..... 5,000  
No. 29777..... "..... 5,000

Being the six capital prizes. Prizes paid in gold. Information furnished. Highest rates paid for doubloons and all kinds of gold and silver.

TAYLOR & CO., Bankers, 16 Wall St., N. Y.

### THE CONFESSIONS AND EXPERIENCE OF AN INVALID.

Published for the benefit and as a caution to young men and others, who suffer from Nervous Debility, &c., supplying the means of self-cure. Written by one who cured himself, and sent free on receiving post-paid directed envelope. Address NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Brooklyn, N. Y. Also free, by the same publisher, a Circular of DAISY SWAIN, the great Foe of the War.

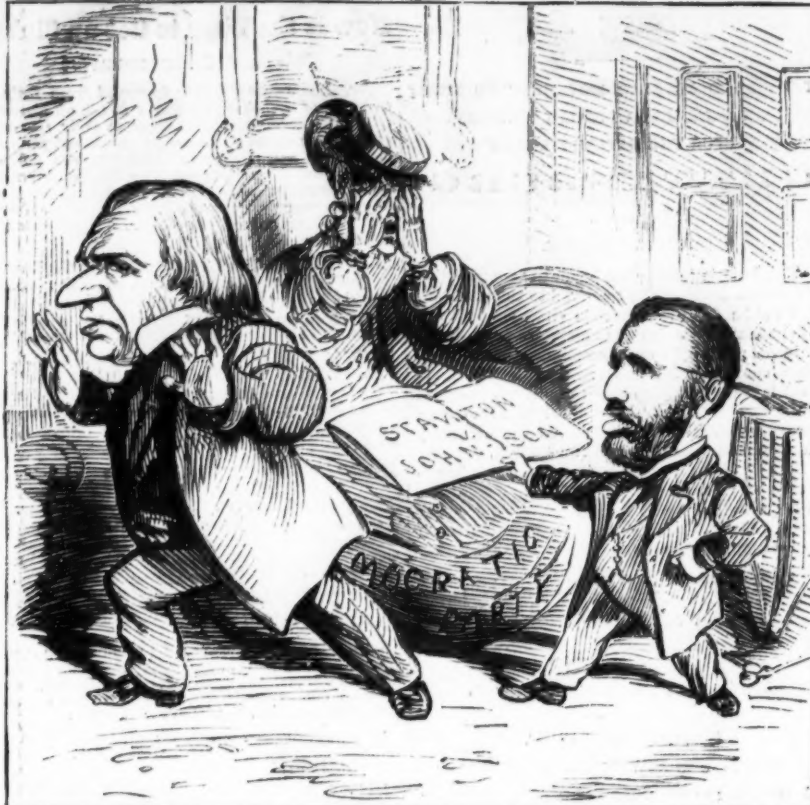




## A RADICAL CURE FOR DUMBNESS.

ANXIOUS OLD LADY—"Dear Doctor, there's something the matter with Ulysses' tongue. He has not spoken for six months."

DOCTOR—"Ha! yes, I see; we'll soon cure him of that."



The Doctor's treatment works like a miracle. Ulysses speaks right out, and astonishes the Old Lady and Doctor with a couple of naughty valentines.

### CHICKERING & SONS,

Manufacturers of Grand, Square and Upright  
**PIANOFORTES,**

were awarded at the Paris Exposition the First Grand Prize, the Legion of Honor, and a Grand Gold Medal, making sixty-three first premiums during the past forty-four years. Warehouses, No. 652 Broadway.

### TO THE LADIES.

FOR ONLY ONE DOLLAR.

We are selling Silks, Shawls, Dry and Fancy Goods of every description; also, Silver Ware, Furniture, &c. Valuable Presents, from \$3 to \$300, sent free of charge to agents sending clubs of ten and upward.

Circulars sent free to any address.

MESSENGER & CO.,

P. O. Box, 2031. 42 Hanover St., Boston, Mass.  
645-700

### PRINCE & COS.

**AUTOMATIC ORGANS  
AND MELODEONS.**  
Forty thousand are now in use  
BUFFALO, N.Y. CHICAGO, ILL.

to



A SAFE,  
CERTAIN,  
AND  
Speedy Cure  
FOR  
**NEURALGIA,**  
AND ALL  
**NERVOUS  
DISEASES.**  
Its Effects are  
Magical.

Sent by mail on receipt of price and postage. One package, 11.00, postage 6 cents; six do., \$5.00, postage 3 cts.; twelve do., \$9.00, postage 6 cts. Sold by all druggists.

TURNER & CO., 120 Tremont St., Boston.

640-510

### CHEAPEST AND BEST.



inks, etc., hardware, tools and implements, machines, and new inventions, or specialties in any line of business, will find the Metal Edge Cards both effective and attractive. Supplied either plain or printed. Send for price list.

B. M. SMITH, 4 Day St., New York.

100 PHOTOGRAPHS of Beautiful Women sent, post-paid, for 25 cts.; 100 Photographs of Actors for 25 cts.; 100 Photos of Union Generals for 25 cts.; 50 Photos of Rebel Officers for 25 cts. All the above sent, post-paid, for \$1. Address,

C. SEYMOUR, Holland, Erie Co., New York.

640-500

**THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,**  
Manufacturing 500 Times, mailed to any address for 50 cts. Terms of 30 days powers for \$1. Address

F. B. BOWEN, Box 129, Boston, Mass.

### FLORENCE

Lock Stitch Reversible Feed

**SEWING MACHINES**

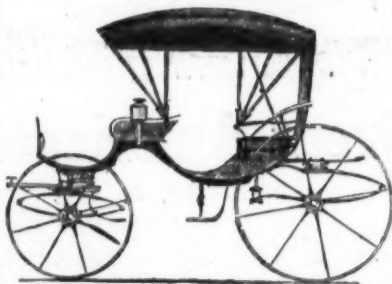
Were awarded the highest Prize, to wit,

THE FIRST SILVER MEDAL

AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION, 1867.

The best Family Sewing Machine in the world. Send for an Illustrated Circular.

505 Broadway, New York.



### BREWSTER & BALDWIN

MANUFACTURERS OF

**FINE CARRIAGES,**

786 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

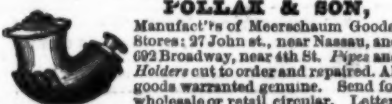
(NEXT TO GRACE CHURCH.)

A Well-Assorted Stock Constantly on Hand.  
Illustrated Catalogues furnished if desired.

**MERCHANTS, BANKERS,**

And others should send to all parts of the United States by HARDEN'S EXPRESS, 65 Broadway.

to



Box 5846, N. B.—We disclaim all connection with ostentatious advertisements in the trade.

### All Wanting Farms.

Good Soil, Mild Climate, 34 miles south of Philadelphia. Price only \$25 per acre. Best of grain and grass land. Also improved Farms. Hundreds are waiting. Information sent free. Address C. K. LANDIS, Proprietor, Vineland, N. J. 631-430

**Hannah Elizabeth Madrell, deceased.**

**GEORGE LEIGH COPELAND.**

Wanted the present address of GEORGE LEIGH COPELAND, who is a residuary legatee of the will of Hannah Elizabeth Madrell, deceased, late of Douglas, in the Isle of Man, widow. The said George Leigh Copeland is requested to communicate immediately to his father, John Hans Copeland, 309 Canal Street, New York, or to Messrs. Francis & Almond, Solicitors, 21 Harrington Street, Liverpool, England. Should the said George Leigh Copeland be dead, and this advertisement meet the eye of any one acquainted with the fact, they are requested to communicate to either of the above addresses.



WARD, SOUTHERLAND & CO., Importers and Wholesale Druggists, 400 William Street, New York, Wholesale Agents for the United States.

### PATENT OFFICES.

Inventors who wish to take out Letters Patent, are advised to counsel with MUNN & CO., Editors of the Scientific American, who have prosecuted claims before the Patent Office for over Twenty Years. Their American and European Patent Agency is the most extensive in the world. Charges less than any other reliable agency. A Pamphlet, containing full instructions to inventors, is sent gratis.

A HANDSOME BOUND VOLUME, containing 150 Mechanical Engravings, and the United States Census by Counties, with hints and Receipts for Mechanics, mailed on receipt of 25 cents.

Address MUNN & CO., 37 Park Row, New York. 643-550

### Economy is Wealth!

Fifty per cent. or more Saved on Dry-Goods of every description. Every Package \$1. Send for descriptive circular.

SYMONDS & CO. 129 Chambers St.

WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure the Itch. WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure Salt Rheum. WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures Old Sores. WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures all Diseases of the Skin. Price 70 cents; by mail 60 cents. All Druggists sell it. WHEATON & POTTER, Boston, Proprietors. 626-770

### FRANK LESLIE'S

### PLEASANT HOURS.

PRICE 15 CENTS A NUMBER, OR \$1.50 A YEAR.

A Beautifully Illustrated Journal for the Family Circle, Railroad Travelers, etc.

This publication, composed of Original Stories by well-known writers, interspersed with Interesting Narratives of Travel and Adventure in all parts of the world; Recent Discoveries in Science; Curious Facts in Natural History; Anecdotes, and a great variety of Entertaining and Instructive Miscellaneous Reading, will constitute a new feature in periodical literature. Besides the numerous illustrations in the text, each number will contain Two Large and Beautiful Engravings on Tinted Paper.

As this work is stereotyped, all the back numbers can be had at any time.

In the February No. will be commenced an exciting continued story,

### CAPTAIN GERALD.

All subscriptions to be sent to

FRANK LESLIE,

337 Pearl Street, N. Y.

**Catarth and Bronchitis Never Cured.** REASON WHY? These fatal diseases, the parents of Consumption, are always combined with Scrofula. The false pretenders, with their snuffs, troches, and inhalations, impart only temporary relief, leaving the diseases untouched. They have no remedy which can remove Catarrh and Scrofula combined, or any scrofulous disease whatever; and the medical works admit they possess no specific cure. The only Positive Remedies are NATURE'S REMEDIALS FROM PLANTS, which I have discovered after 60 years' study, and which eradicate these direful diseases for ever. Explanatory Circular, one stamp. Treatise 25 cents. WM. R. PRINCE, Flushing, N. Y.

**\$100 a Month Salary will be paid for Agents, Male or Female, in a new, pleasant, permanent business; full particulars free by return mail, or sample retailing at \$4.50 for 50 cents. A. D. BOWMAN & CO., 48 Broad Street, New York. (Clip out and return this notice. 648-600)**

### Sent Free by Mail on Receipt of Price.

**SUGAR-COATED PILLS OF COD LIVER EXTRACT.** (not Oil), not objectionable to the most delicate Stomach. MORE ECONOMICAL AND EFFICIENT THAN COD LIVER OIL. Now in use in St. Luke's, Bellevue, Bureau of Medicine and Out-door Relief, Eclectic Medical College and Dispensary, Homoeopathic Dispensary, &c., &c. PRICES: Box of 60 Dragees, equal to one and a half pints of the Oil, 75 cents; Box of 120 Dragees, \$1.25; Box of 240 Dr. 60s \$2.

WARD, SOUTHERLAND & CO., Importers and Wholesale Druggists, 400 William Street, New York, Wholesale Agents for the United States.

### CLOVERINE,

A Delightful Substitute for Benzine.

AGENTS:

W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO., New York City.

PROPRIETORS:

ARCHER B. ROTTEN & CO., Brooklyn, N. Y.

643-94

### (No. 4.)

PRANG'S AMERICAN CHROMOS.

IN OIL AND WATER-COLORS.

PRANG'S AMERICAN CHROMOS are fac-simile reproductions of oil and water-color paintings; so faithfully and skillfully done that it requires the experience of an expert to detect the difference between them and the originals.

For every purpose of decoration—for parlors, sitting-rooms, drawing-rooms, nurseries, or chambers—nothing so exquisitely beautiful as these Chromos can be obtained for the same amount of money. No other ornaments of the same cost are so admirably calculated to adorn a home; to cultivate a love for Art among the people at large; to brighten up the dwellings of every class of our citizens; and to teach the rising generation, by their silent, yet refining influence, to love the beautiful in Art and in Nature. Hitherto, Art has been aristocratic in its associations, none but the wealthy classes could afford to buy fine works of art; but chromo-lithography has changed all that, and brought exquisite paintings within the reach of every family. It is doing for Art what the printing-press did for Literature. Let no family, henceforth, be without a few classical books, and one or two masterly paintings. Both should be regarded as indispensable to complete a home.

Send for "PRANG'S CHROMOS; a Journal of Popular Art," and see what we have done, and are doing to popularize Art. It will be sent to you free. Address L. PRANG & CO., Boston.

### A Horse Doctor Free.

SICK AND INJURED ANIMALS CURED GRATIS.

Wilkes' Spirit of the Times, the great Family, Sporting, and Literary Weekly Paper of the United States, employs a distinguished Veterinarian Professor, who gives advice and prescriptions through its columns, free, to all inquiries concerning Sick or Injured Horses or Cattle, sent to the paper by mail. The cures of hundreds of valuable animals attest the importance of this department of the Spirit. Replies are made promptly to all inquiries, whether from subscribers or not. No horse owner or Veterinarian student should be without the Spirit. Single copies to be had at the news-stands. Subscriptions \$5 a year. Address

of EDITOR "WILKES' SPIRIT," New York.

Send 25 Cents for your choice of 150 Useful Articles for ONE DOLLAR EACH, and full particulars of the most popular sale in the world. Address TOWLE & CO., 7 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

### STIMPSON'S SCIENTIFIC PEN

and INK-RETAINING HOLDER.  
One dozen Pens (assorted points) and a Holder mailed, prepaid, on receipt of fifty cents. A. S. Barnes & Co., N. Y.

to

### WARD'S, PERFECT FITTING SHIRTS.

Self-Measurement for Shirts.

Printed Directions for Self-Measurement, List of Prices and Drawings of different Styles of Shirts and Collars, sent free everywhere.

THE CASH CAN BE PAID TO EXPRESS COMPANY.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

B. W. H. WARD, No. 337 Broadway, and Union Square, New York.

BUYING AN EARTHQUAKE—See FRANK

LESLIE'S BUDGET OF FUN. Sent and Sold.